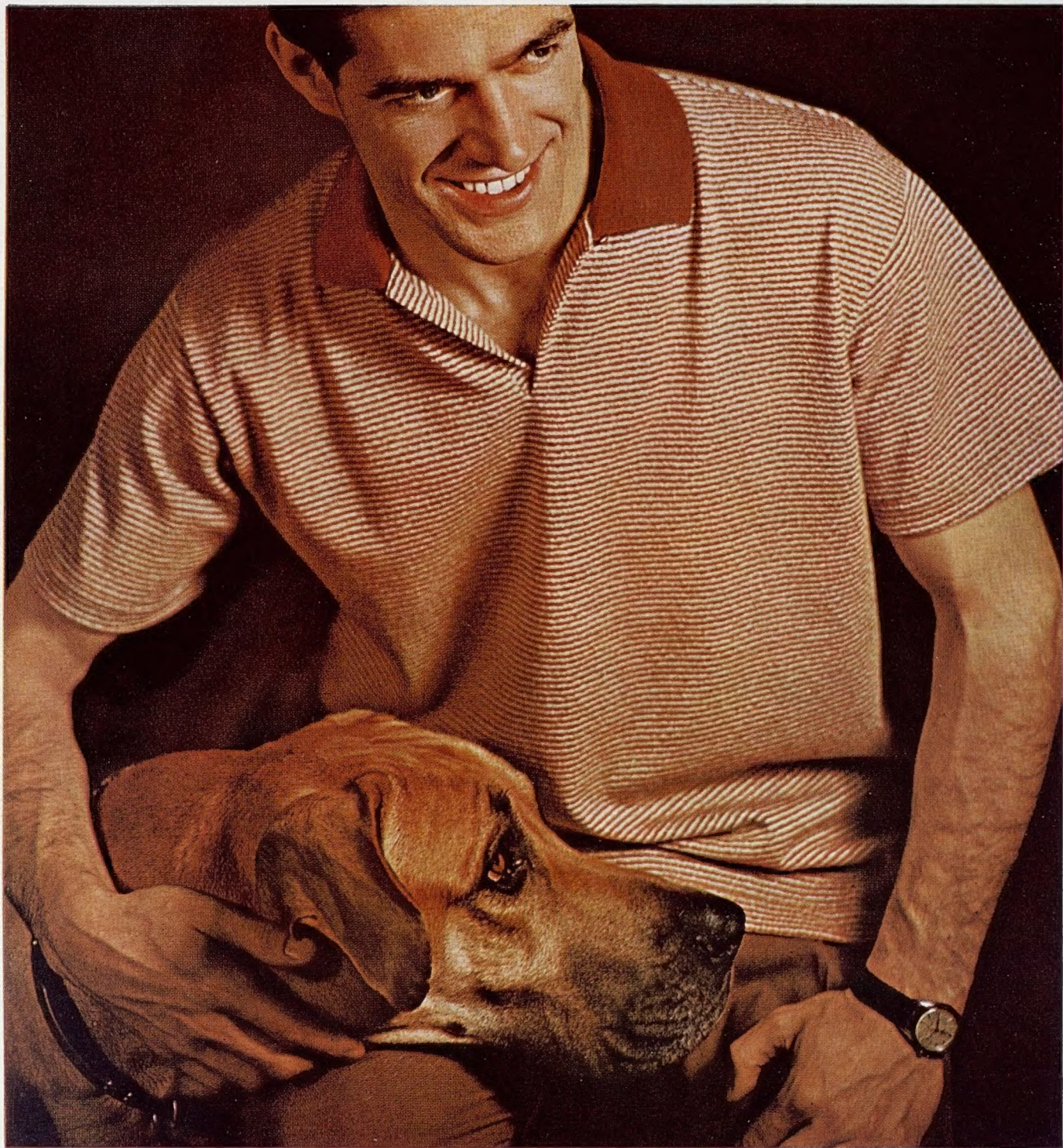


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THE MODERN ECCENTRIC

& Bystander 2s. weekly 22 Mar. 1961

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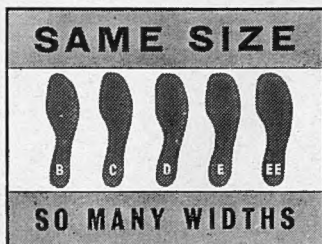
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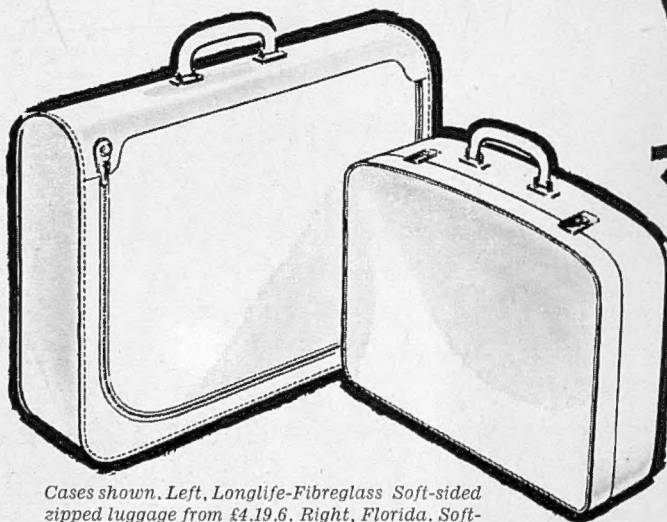
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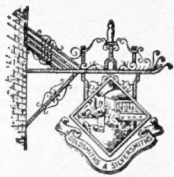
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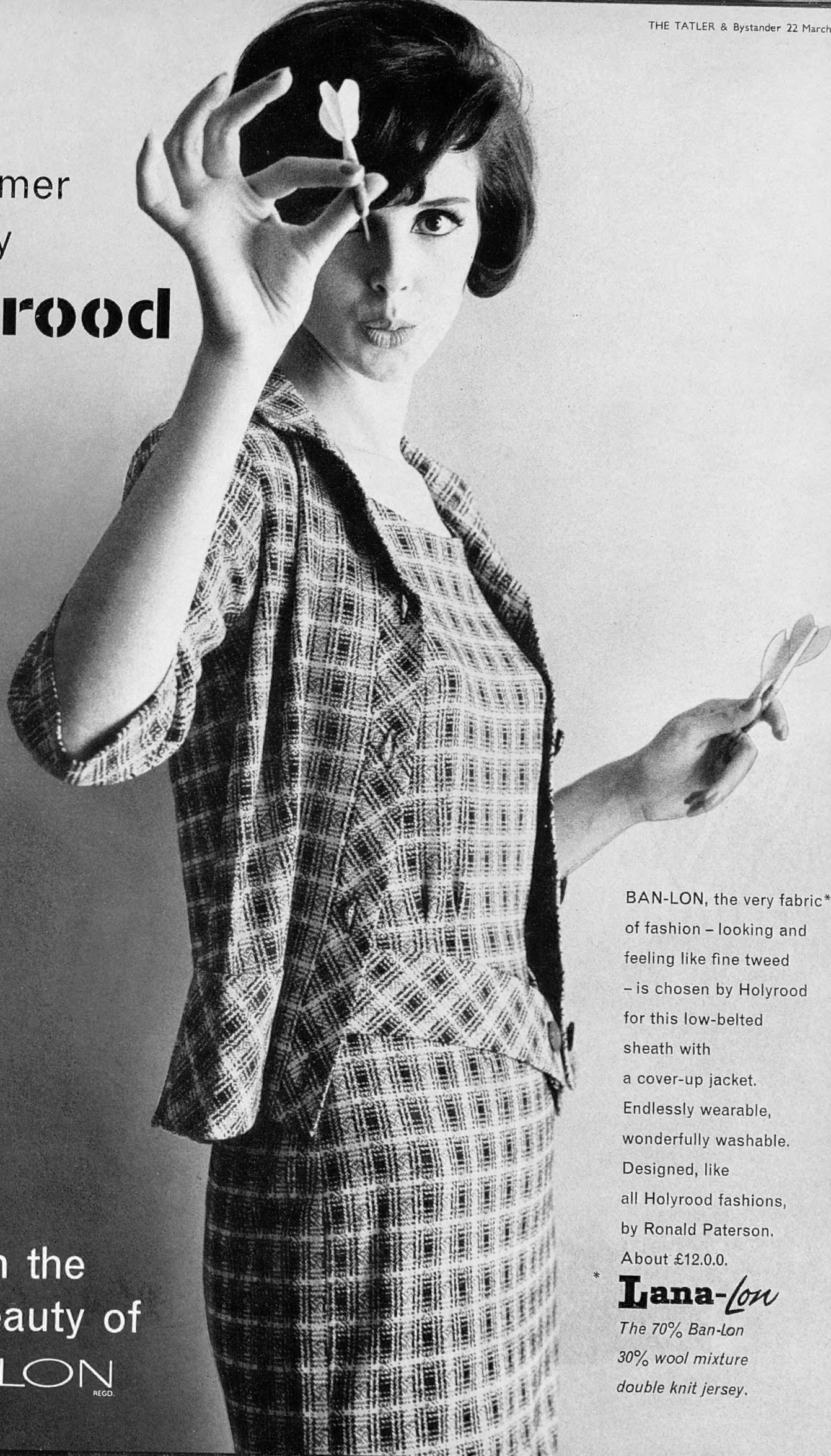


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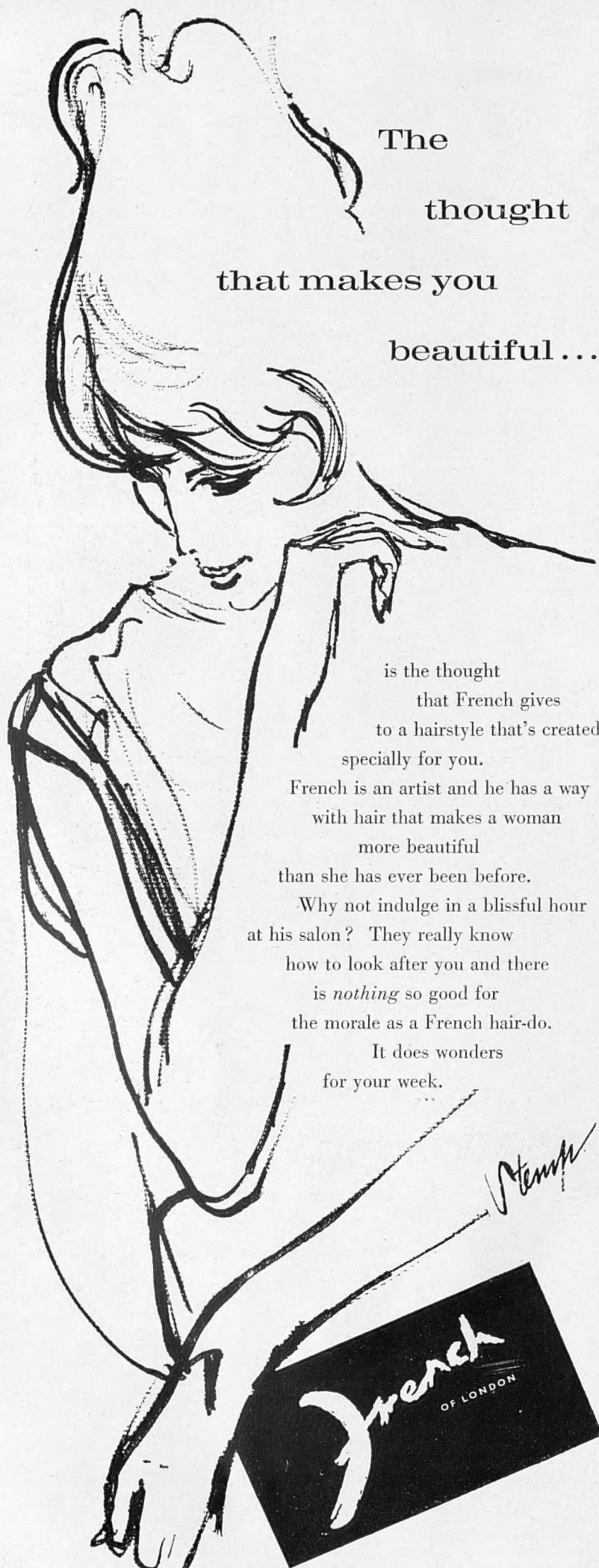


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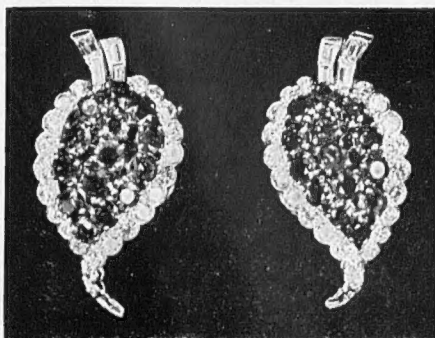
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THE Tatler

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Volume CCXXXIX Number 3108

22 MARCH 1961

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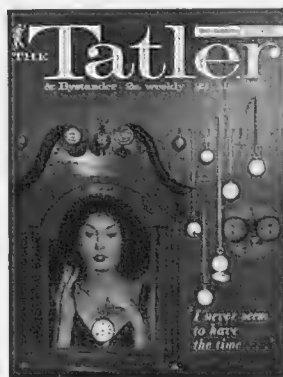
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WHEN WRITERS MEET READERS

READERSHIP surveys are never quite so illuminating as the unexpected encounter between contributor and reader. In Tuscany a few days ago Doone Beal heard an English voice and found it belonged to a Cheshire reader holidaying in those parts on her own recommendation. At a party in England Gordon Wilkins met a girl who showed a surprising grasp of motoring matters. Challenged, she explained: "I get it all from your articles in *The Tatler*." His surprise, however, was nothing to that of Gerald Lascelles when he was once stopped for speeding. As soon as the motorcycle policeman heard his name there was a glow of recognition. "Why," said the cop, "you're the chap who writes about jazz in *The Tatler*. I always read you." (Mr. Lascelles got off with a caution.) The occasional reader's letter also throws light on the world-wide character of *The Tatler's* following. One came in from Chile the other day, arguing about the description of an equestrian stunt in last year's Christmas circus feature. . . .

This week there are two new contributors who stand to end up in a police reading-room or a South American hacienda. One is an artist: Robert Guccione (page 598), an American of the Feiffer generation, who is now living in London after years of international wandering during which he has been professional wrestler, laundry manager, and private detective as well as a successful illustrator and cartoonist. He settled in London under the impression that it would leave him time for painting—but whoever heard of a father of four with time for anything? Which leads to the second newcomer; Max Caulfield (page 605), journalist and novelist, now busy writing a successor to his *Black City*, which had a critical success on both sides of the Atlantic. . . .

The cover:



Photographic experiment with time by LEWIS MORLEY, who also owns the grandfather clock and the sun-face disc from another. Watches from S. L. Antiques of Richmond. What started it all off: the feature on page 605, I never seem to have the time . . .

Correction: Mrs. Dorothea Dick Read, whose photograph we published in our issue of 21 September last year, was the first wife of the obstetrician, Grantly Dick-Read, and not his widow, as stated in the caption. His widow was Mrs. Jessica Dick-Read, his second wife, who has since remarried Mr. Arthur Donald Bennett. Our apologies to Mrs. Bennett for this error.

Next week: Aldermaston—the place they march from. . . .

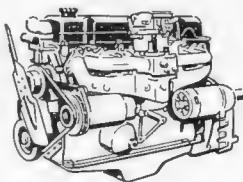
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Point-to-points (today) Dart Vale & Haldon Harriers at Totnes; (tomorrow) Cumberland at Bewaldeth, Pembrokeshire at Scoveston Fort; (25 March) Cleveland at Little Ayton, Cotswold at Andoversford, Hampshire at Hackwood Park, Lanark & Renfrew at Houston, Llangibby at Penhow, Old Berkeley at Kimble, Puckeridge at Bishops Stortford, Silverton at Shobrooke, S. & W. Wilts at Badbury Rings,

United at Brampton Bryan, Waveney Valley Harriers at Bawdeswell, West Street at Ramsgate Airport.

Evening Sale of modern pictures, drawings & sculpture, musical & other manuscripts (including works by Hepworth, Moore, Mahler, Holst, Britten, Walton, Schoenberg, Forster, Auden, Betjeman), 23 March, at Christie's, in aid of the Aldeburgh Festival of Music. **Springtime Ball**, 23 March, at the

May Fair Hotel, in aid of the Charterhouse Rheumatism Clinic. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Mrs. Ronald Ferguson, at the Clinic, 54 Weymouth Street, W.1. (WEL 1264.)

RACING

Grand National, Aintree, 25 March. **Lincolnshire Handicap**, Lincoln, today.

Race meetings: Steeplechasing. Liverpool, 23-25; Worcester, 25; Wye, 27; Sandown Park (R.A. Meeting), 29 March. **Flat racing.** Liverpool, 23-25; Nottingham, 27, 28 March.

RUGBY

Army v. R.A.F., Twickenham, 25 March.

Easter Rugby Festivals, Isle of Man, Lowestoft, Bournemouth, 31 March-3 April, Southend-on-Sea, 31 March, 1, 3, 4 April.

ROWING

University Boat Race, 1 April.

MUSIC

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Sleeping Beauty*, tonight & 28 March; *Les Sylphides*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, 23 March; *Ondine*, 24, 27 March; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 25 March (also matinée, 2.30 p.m.); *Les Deux Pigeons*, *Danses Concertantes*, 29 March. All 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen* (first perf. of season) tonight, 24, 25, 28 March; *Eugene Onegin*, 23 March; *Die Fledermaus*, 29 March. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Modern music concert by B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, including works by

THE DANCE DYNAMIC. Teresa Amaya and Luisillo in a number by the Spanish Dance Theatre, at the Coliseum until 25 March. They were last here in 1956

Blacher, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Webern and Hindemith, 8 p.m. tonight; London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir in Honegger's *Song To David*, 8 p.m., 28 March. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Augustus John (paintings), Arthur Tooth & Son, Bruton Street, W.1, to 30 March.

Victor Pasmore Exhibition, New London Gallery, Bond Street, W.1, closes end of March.

Leon Underwood (sculpture), Kaplan Gallery, Duke Street, W.1, to 30 March.

EXHIBITIONS

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 3 April.

National Stamp Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster, to 25 March.

Korean Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 7 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *Jacques*, tonight.

Phoenix Theatre "J.B.", 23 March.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 621.

King Kong. "... a piece of naïve but vital indigenous art put across with a most endearing vigour. ... I found rare and refreshing its refusal to compromise its own simple truth with alien professional tricks." Nathan Mledle, Peggy Phango, Joe Mogotsi. (Princes Theatre, TEM 6596.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 622.

Pepe. "... an inordinately long, lush and boring film. ... 35 guest stars have been dragged in. ... I grieve for the luckless star, Cantinflas, the Mexican comedian. ... Hollywood has swamped him." (Columbia, REG 5414.)

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES LATE

Rise of the wine drinkers

Douglas Sutherland

A LOT OF MONEY HAS BEEN SPENT BY advertising and publicity men since the war in trying to make us change or at least vary the range of our choice of drinks. In the general re-education that ensued some prime old favourites were rediscovered—dry Madeira for example, or even white port, as aperitifs. The cocktail went into decline though it still gave its name to parties. Wine and cheese reigned supreme at most social gatherings and few were the wine writers not beguiled into extolling the merits of some little number at around six shillings a bottle. But these changes take some time to make themselves felt and so far their effect on the late-night scene has been something less than spectacular.

What does emerge, I think, is an increase in wine drinking in night clubs, mainly among younger members. Clubs like the Satire and the Blue Angel which attract a predominantly young clientele report a big increase in wine sales and the managements do not put this down entirely to price considera-

tions. Favourite wine for youthful late nighters is hock followed in the popularity poll by Burgundy. Another symptom of the popularity of wine drinking is the packed business done by the bistro type of restaurant, notably Luba's in Yeoman's Row and the Vintno Bistro off the Brompton Road. Here customers bring their own wine without having to pay corkage and there are few patrons who fail to take advantage of this concession. Incidentally I notice that more and more people are getting the habit of calling in at this type of restaurant for something to eat after a cocktail party and before going on somewhere really late.

I don't think that I personally would ever have a really enjoyable evening drinking hock into the small hours but then I don't think any wine should be expected to stand up to that sort of treatment; not even champagne. I am, however, pleased to hear on all sides that champagne is on its way back as a mid-morning drink and an evening aperitif. I was discussing

this with free vintner Frank Bower of El Vintno's in Fleet Street (and also the City) who has an exhaustive knowledge of good wines in general and of port and champagne in particular. He tells me that there is no reason why champagne should not make a comeback in popularity if prices are kept comparable with short drink prices—a policy he follows most successfully in his own wine bars. Many barmen with widely differing types of customer around the West End tell me the same thing.

Incidentally Frank Bower shattered at last my cherished illusion that a free vintner can serve drink at any hour of the day or night without fear of interference by the law. Technically it is correct, but if any vintner tried to exert his prerogative he would soon find himself in trouble with the Vintners' Company, which imposes a high standard of conduct on its members.

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Gordon Clyde and Jean Rayner*
Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Last week of Max Bygraves. Lena Horne opens Monday*
Colony (MAY 1657) *Ron Moody. Fagin from Oliver!*
Savoy (TEM 4343) *Viera, international singing star, with the Beresini family*

Society (REG 0565) *Tania Vela*
Pigalle (REG 6423) *Betty Hutton and supporting bill*
Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Miko Mingo, Indian dancer, and Vic Perry, international pick-pocket, plus five supporting acts*



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—10. Siegi's Club: In May, Welshman Sidney Etheridge will have been head barman here for seven years. Once a keen contriver of cocktails, he has returned to the classics, serving more dry Martinis to club members than any other drink, though whisky sour is a close second

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Haven in Marylebone

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Balon's, 73 Baker Street. (HUN 2301.) C.S. Open to midnight. I liked this restaurant from the moment I sat down, short-tempered at the end of a frustrating day. The décor is restful, service attentive and friendly. The prawn cocktail was full of flavour, the escalope of veal, with cream, sherry and mushroom sauce, excellent. I finished with fresh pineapple and coffee, having drunk half a bottle of the Portuguese Mateus Rosé, and left content but not impoverished. For a three-course meal, excluding wine, allow about 20s. per head.

Thirty One Room, 31 Dover Street. (MAY 5134.) C.S. A pleasant and unusual small restaurant with the added virtue that it stays open to 12.30 p.m. for late suppers and is fully licensed. The cooking, French and English, is good, and the service attentive. The panelled dining-room with a gallery above is attractive, and I liked the display of fresh fruit and salads. Allow

about 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. for your main course. The lager at 3s. a glass was on the dear side. W.B.

Medici Restaurant, 7 George Street, Baker Street. (WEL 9370.) C.S. Lottie of Kyrenia—Mrs. N. E. Huber—who runs this small and admirable restaurant with her husband tells me that the exotic and original dishes she is adding to her menu are proving popular. Also that more old friends who knew her restaurant in Cyprus are finding their way to George Street. Lottie's cooking is Eastern Mediterranean, and excellent. W.B. luncheon.

Café Royal grillroom, 68 Regent Street (WHI 2373). One of London's few remaining pieces of Edwardian splendour, gilt, cherubs, mirrors, red plush banquettes and all. The food and service match the décor, attaining the standards of quality our fathers and grandfathers expected. Like the rest of the Café Royal, it has a noble list of wines, for Mr. Charles Forte maintains the standard of its famous cellars. Last time I was there we drank a Calvet

1953 Pommard that was excellent value for money. W.B.

Kettners, 29 Romilly Street, Soho (GER 3437.) Open Sundays. For a restaurant to maintain a consistently high standard of popularity for 35 years is no mean achievement. Kettners' reputation is based on its policy of offering a wide range of cooking, including the best of British dishes, allied to a large and interesting wine list. The décor is pleasant and tables spaced comfortably. Prices are moderate, and a good meal can be had for under 20s., excluding wine. Famous in Edwardian days for its *chambres privées*, Kettners has now a range of self-contained suites for parties of varying sizes. W.B.

The Angus Steak House, 72 Fulham Road (eastern end). C.S. (KEN 8202.) Open midday to midnight. Décor plain but pleasant, table furnishings attractive. Meat Scotch, high quality and properly "hung," which is rare these days. Vegetable cooking good, especially the fried onions. Prices reasonable, for a meal of soup, meat and sweet need not cost more than about 15s. At the moment send out for drinks. There are four other Angus Steak Houses of the same pattern and quality—telephone KN1 9460 for their addresses. W.B.

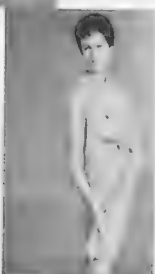
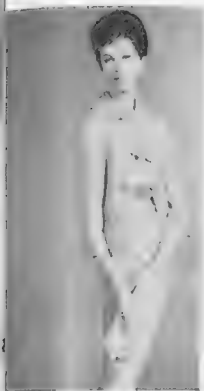
King's Head & Eight Bells, 50 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. (FLA 3800.) C.S. Over the pleasant and friendly

public and saloon bars is another, equally agreeable, and a smartish but well-appointed dining-room, with a touch of the Edwardian cop-house about it. The cooking is British and good, the service swift and friendly, the wine list adequate, and the bitter well kept. A three-course dinner, without drink, will cost you from 10s. 6d. to 16s. 6d., depending on your choice of eatables. W.B.

The Forum, 51 Chancery Lane. (HOI. 1927.) C.S. Here at lunch-time Fleet Street personalities, men of law and overseas visitors sit side by side in a bright, cheerful restaurant. The cooking is Anglo-Italian and good, and each day has its special dish. Fully licensed. W.B. lunch.

Stop before Oxford

The Harcourt Arms, Nuneham Courtenay. (Tel. 209.) On the Oxford-Henley road, 54 miles from London and six from Oxford. A fine old house containing a pleasant bar and a charming dining-room. The cooking is first-class. The three-course fixed luncheon, with a good choice of dishes, is 10s. 6d., and there is an adequate *à la carte* menu. I had there the best French dressing for months, and *Scampi Provençale* as it should be. The service is good, the wine list unusually so for a country hotel. The draught ale is well-kept. W.B.



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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Seeing Sicily

Doone Beal

QUITE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THE French and northern Italian Rivas ripen for the summer, Sicily, basking in a sunshine which can turn it into a dust-bowl by August, enjoys some pretty well perfect resort weather. Yet its resort life as such is not its *raison d'être*. One can find better beaches elsewhere. Instead, it is essentially a land to *see*. Its interest is in its mixture of great and heterogeneous civilizations—Greek, Roman, Arab, Norman, one piled on the remains of another; its

glorious baroque churches and palaces in the hill towns of the interior, such as Enna, Noto, Modica and Ragusa; wild, wild country with peasants riding home from the fields on their mules, swathed from head to foot in black, apparently ageless, sexless. A landscape of beauty, sometimes brooding with melancholy, often ravishing.

Pre-impressions of something part-Greek, part-Italian, can confuse the issue. Sicily reminded me of neither country. From Italy (of which it has only been a part for 100 years) it is totally different, and only the language seems to make common bond with the mainland among a people shrewd, stubborn

and kindly, but self-sufficient and intensely insular. Then the island, which seems so immense as to lack the usual characteristics of most islands, has a languor which could soothe or exasperate, according to temperament. To quote the late Giuseppe Lampedusa: "In Sicily it doesn't matter about doing things well or badly; the sin which we Sicilians never forgive is simply that of 'doing' at all."

Sicily's transition from appendix of the Bourbon kingdom to the part she reluctantly began to play in Garibaldi's new, progressive Italy was not accomplished overnight. Nor is it difficult to recapture the decadent beauty of the feudal life that once existed there. At Bagheria, just outside Palermo, are some baroque villas which are possibly even more lovely in their shuttered, grass-grown decay than they were when their once-formal gardens were a going concern. Valguanera, especially, with its fat white cherubs on the roof, its statues of Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Neptune gazing out over a rolling mist of orange and olive groves to the sea, its tangle of geraniums, roses, magnolia and great umbrella pines. Its more bizarre neighbour, Villa Palagonia, I liked less. Equally decayed, it is distinguished by a row of exquisitely carved, quite hideous gargoyles incongruously silhouetted against flapping white sheets, put out to dry on the flat concrete roofs of the modern apartment blocks.

In Palermo itself, the cathedral, with its façade of Arab, Norman, Gothic and an 18th-century dome added for not-such-good measure, epitomizes much. But the unforgettable sight of Palermo is Monreale, in the hills above the Conca D'Oro. Its immense 12th-century cathedral is lined throughout with the most superb mosaics, and it would take a metaphysical poet to do justice to its cloisters. Ideally one should see Monreale before the Palatine chapel in Palermo itself. There the flaming gold and indigo mosaics of the same period, confined in a much smaller space, amount almost to a distillation of it.

From Palermo are two equally lovely drives; the first, westward to Trapani, leaves behind the languorous orange groves of the Conca D'Oro and evolves into a natural fortress of bare, long-saddled hills, the Giuliano country (as it is still known), sweeping down to the coastal plains. In the glorious

middle of it all is the perfectly preserved, honey-coloured temple at Segesta, a solitary dream of Hellenic pillars set against a hillside misted green with sage scrub, pink with asphodel. Then Erice, the mountain village above Trapani, with its polished white flagstones and its view, way above the pine tops, over to the sickle-shaped white salt flats of Trapani on one side, and the beautiful bulk of Monte Cofano on the other.

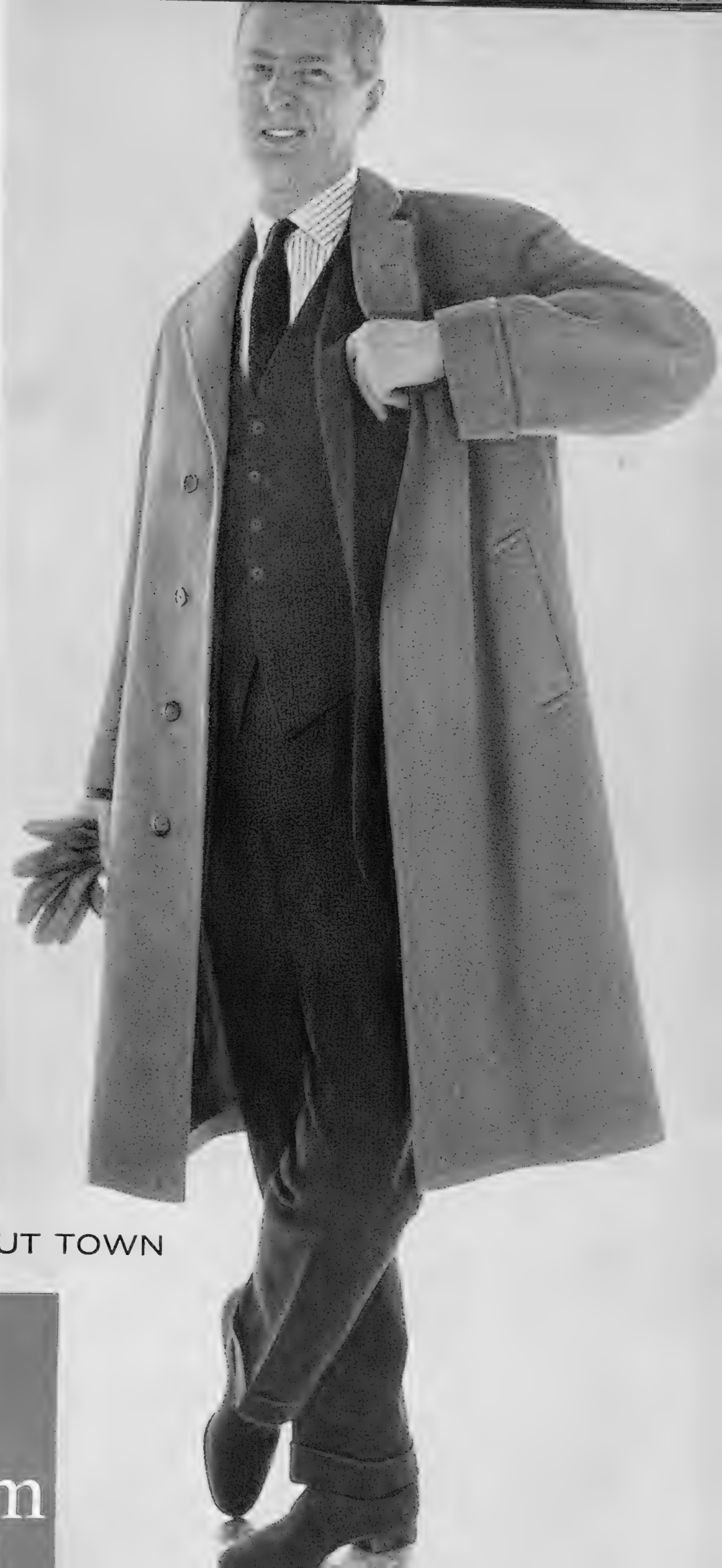
Eastwards from Palermo a *corniche* road runs along the coast to Messina, with Cefalu about equidistant from both cities. Cefalu is an unspoiled fishing town of streets only the width of an arm span, and a little harbour which people would search the much-vaunted charms of Taormina to find. Usually Cefalu is treated as a one-day stand for the purpose of visiting the cathedral (more lovely mosaics) and the little museum. Its only accommodations are a Club Méditerranée village and a small hotel, but it has some lovely nearby beaches, and I have earmarked it for return.

It appealed to me more than anywhere, except perhaps for Agrigento. Certainly in February, when the pillars of its Greek temples floated in a mist of almond blossom. Agrigento was unforgettably lovely. Again, the fact that people only come to see them and then speed on their way, has left the little town quite unspoiled. There is a comfortable hotel, and some interesting churches to see as well.

Next week, I shall write more fully of Sicily's resorts, but in the meantime here is a note on how to tour the country. One has the alternative of arriving via the Messina car and passenger ferry, or by air to either Palermo or Catania. I'd choose Catania, then work slowly clockwise round the island to end up at Taormina, with nights spent perhaps at Syracuse, Agrigento, Marsala, Palermo, Cefalu and maybe Messina en route. Alitalia run a very convenient Caravelle flight to Rome, thence on by Viscount to either Catania or Palermo, leaving London at lunch-time and arriving in the early evening, £66 11s. tourist class return. Or, up to June and also in October (which are in fact the best times to go), a night tourist mid-week fare of only £40 13s. rising to £44 in midsummer, a stop over in Rome being possible in either instance, and on some flights Naples too.

Erice (Trapani). Monte Cofano seen from the Torretta Pepoli



A black and white photograph of a man standing, wearing a long, double-breasted overcoat over a dark suit and tie. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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THE GIRL WHO'LL BE THE DUCHESS OF KENT

Miss Katharine Worsley, who will be the bride of the Duke of Kent in June, was photographed at Kensington Palace with her fiancé and his mother, the Duchess, soon after the announcement. The wedding, in York Minster, will be conducted by Dr. Ramsey (the next Archbishop of Canterbury). Miss Worsley is the daughter of Sir William Worsley, Bt. (Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding), & Lady Worsley. Her engagement ring is a sapphire and diamonds, on platinum



The flat-racing season, just begun, brings out the optimism in owners as well as punters. Christian Fairfax has interviewed and photographed a few of the many hundreds of people who are set apart by having

Colours of their own

The opening of the flat-racing season finds every owner full of hope. To possess a racehorse and not be an eternal optimist is impractical. As one owner dolefully put it: "I bought a horse for a joke, but discovered that the joke was on me!" The basic necessity of luck pursues you. And if you do win? From the one horse you started with, rather tentatively, you'll stand to end up with a stud. And what you wondered if you could afford (and probably couldn't) will even develop into a paying proposition requiring a manager. Whichever way it works out, you usually end up with what you didn't bargain for.

Why own a racehorse at all then? After all you can enjoy racing without it. But you can't get that delightful feeling of being part of the show; the one to receive cheers when

success rears its charming head. There are privileges, too, which have a certain cachet, such as using the part of the stand marked *Owners and trainers only*, and marching with an air of belonging into the slightly dangerous area of the saddling enclosure. It puts a man (or woman) in the glorious position of appearing as a possible source to the gullible layman of a good tip. It can be a singular delight to be able to say that your horse's name has been mentioned by some salubrious punter.

There is also an aura of attainment; being an owner lends distinction to your name, like owning a yacht. True, there are big yachts and little yachts—thousands of them. But then there are big owners and little owners—hundreds of them; and among their ranks are a surprising number of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 596



Captain Michael Horne, whose chief concern with horses is painting them, lives at the strategic centre of Newmarket. He has just completed a portrait of Jeanne Michelle, winner of the Fernhill Stakes. His favourite place on the racecourse is down at the start. "There is so much

colour and action there. But I own one from time to time." At that moment *Sailing Satellite*, who is by *Colonist II*, runs in his name. He has never painted her, but always sees her run. She is trained for him by Hugh Sidebottom. His colours: black-and-white check with a pink cap.

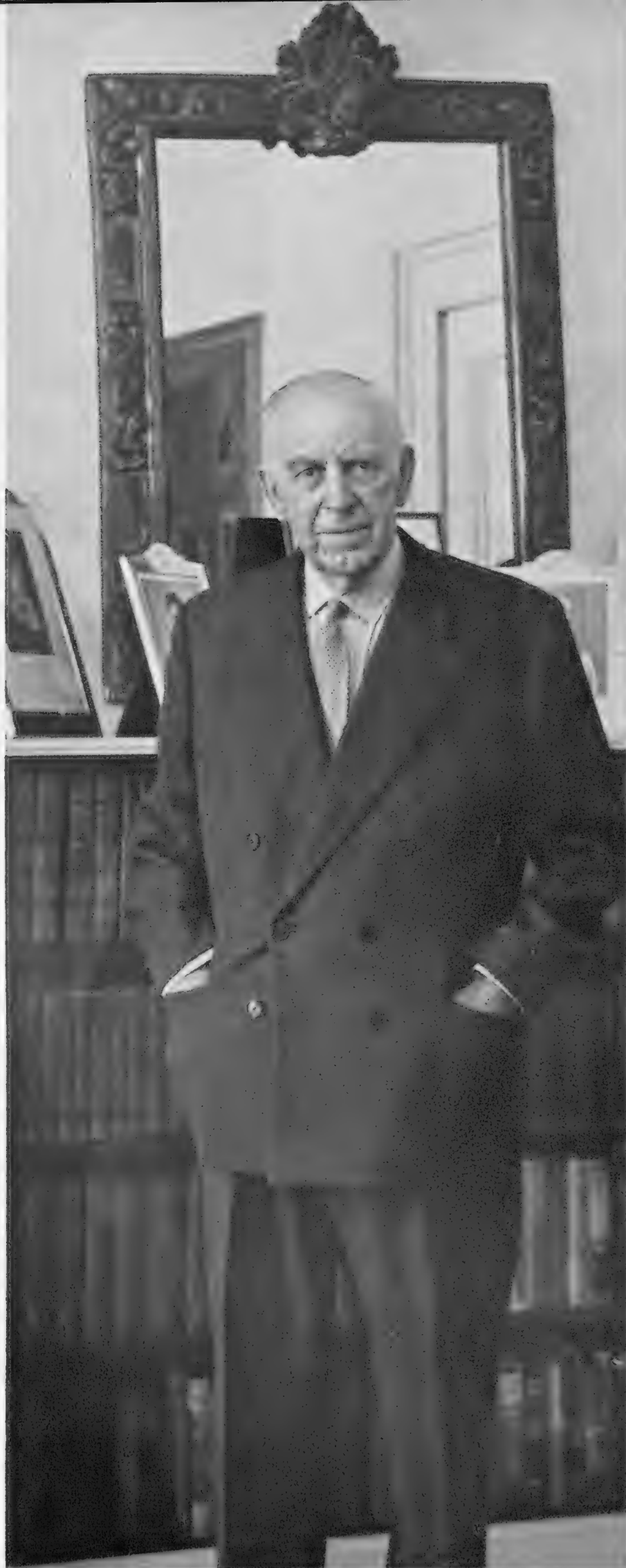


Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Illingworth

rode as an amateur before the war both in India and in this country. Five years ago he added a thoroughbred stud to his Essex farm, which he had started in 1948 on retirement from the 16th/5th Queen's Royal Lancers. A year afterwards he had his first horse in training. Now he has four. Bullrush, by Matador out of Meadowsweet, is one—this naming game can be fun, and Colonel Illingworth sets about it in a businesslike way. Meadowsweet's first five foals have all been winners, and he has on his farm one of the first crop of the Queen's Dountelle. Could be that his entries are worth watching—he knows his horses. His colours: straw with red hoop and cap.



Lady Noble, wife of Sir Alan Noble, Bart., is a new-comer to the English turf. She started her racing career as an owner in this country with a bay filly by Easter Song called Hemingstone, after her Suffolk home. But the bug had first bitten Lady Noble in Malta, and clearly she had been longing to get her teeth into it ever since those carefree island days. "I find it terribly thrilling," she says, and is always there when she has a horse running. Harry Wragg is training for her. Her husband owns a small stud, and both are keenly interested in their mares and the breeding. They have laid out some charming paddocks which form delightful surroundings to their Elizabethan house. Her colours: black and cerise quartered (the same as her father-in-law had when he raced in Hong Kong before World War One).



Sir Percy Loraine, *Bart.*, diplomat, is a member of the Jockey Clubs of England, Ireland and Italy. His fascination for racing and love of horses has been lifelong, but his real love is the stud rather than the racecourse: "I am greatly interested in breeding, greatly—but I enjoy racing. Yes, yes, I like seeing my horses run." At the moment he has five horses in training with Harry Wragg. He breeds in Ireland, and unquestionably knows a good one when he sees it. With Sir Percy as owner a horse is pretty certain to have the right names in its pedigree. His colours: white with a black hoop and black cap.

Colours of their own CONTINUED

women. On this point surely it is time that that august stronghold of conservatism, the Jockey Club, opened its doors to the opposite sex.

Then there is the fascination of studying the extraordinary complications of breeding. You struggle to get your precious mare to the right stallion. The trainer takes over, the jockey takes over; or *Désastre*, the horse takes over—and you are left trembling in the stand wishing all your admiring friends would leave you to chew your nails in peace. But they never do, so you have to play the part with aplomb.

Not that the Derby is likely to be yours, or the Maiden Plate. That optimism has to be called on heavily. Besides, the whole deduction may have been wrong from the beginning. After all the entire foundation of the racing industry, the English Thoroughbred, sprang from what was thought to be a miserable, useless little horse; whose great potential was shown through something mighty like a fluke. For a long time Lord Godolphin failed to realize what perfection he possessed in his small Arabian. Certainly he never envisaged that his little stallion was to be an essential in all the pedigrees of the racehorses of the future.

However, even if it all progresses no further than the weekend amusement of going to visit your horse there remains a satisfaction in seeing its performance mentioned in such publications as *The Racing Calendar* and *Form*. And the owner may continue to dare to dream of winning some minor classic such as the *Cesarewitch*.

Curiously there are those who prefer to remain secret about the whole thing; they only admit to ownership in the most guarded fashion. Or they own part of a horse; or parts of several horses—which somehow brings up a pantomime vision of one man in control of the front legs and another of the back. Happily, the Jockey Club insists that one owner shall appear on the racecard, and be responsible to the public for all the animal's goings on.



Sir Francis Cassel, Bart., says rather whimsically: "I suppose I own racehorses for sentimental reasons. Seeing them run doesn't excite me." He managed the late Hon. Dorothy Paget's horses, but it seems possible that a man of so many and varied interests—ranging from a model example of commercial flower-growing to concert pianist making appearances at the Albert Hall—does find it difficult to spare time to visit the racecourse. He has three horses in training with Sir Gordon Richards. One, Fontana di Trevi, must be a bit of a tongue-twister to the bookies, but the other two are easier—White Girl and Raphael. His colours: silver-grey and pale blue and grey hooped cap.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton says that she did not know anything about racing when she married. How well the famous trainer who was her husband must have taught her, for there cannot be much she doesn't know about it now. No wonder, though, with memories of Hyperion and Sansavino and the excitement of three winners of the Lincolnshire, two trained by her husband and one by her son. She is an enthusiast. "I love watching my horses run," she says, "and I love watching other people's." This season there is once more to be the famous name of Lambton in the list of trainers: Mrs. Lambton's son Teddy has returned to the calling and taken charge of his mother's horses. Mother and son are seen studying one on return from morning exercise. Her colours: light blue, brown quartered cap.



THE CONTEMPORARY ECCENTRIC

by

GUCCIONE

Where are the English eccentrics? It's often said that there are none left, but these pages suggest another explanation: there's just as much eccentricity about, only it's more dispersed. Anybody exhibiting all the individualities shown here would be raving mad, but the American artist swears he has come across plenty of people in England who combine several



A tendency to write letters as if the recipient were preserving them in an album



An urge to keep unusual domestic pets



A belief that infrequent bathing habits, shabby dress and lack of make-up has something to do with the intellect



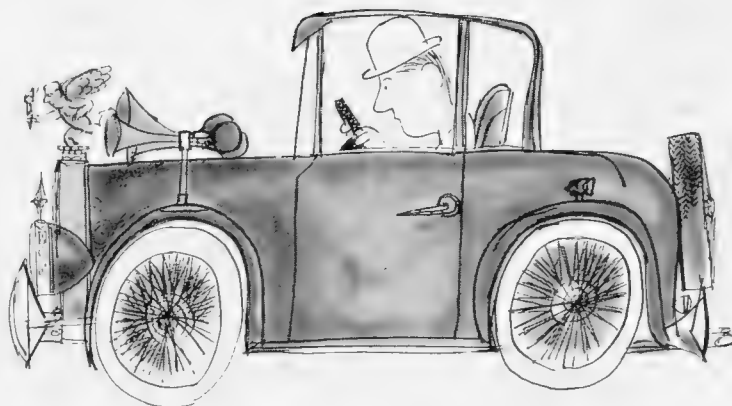
A predilection for living in a house boat



A conviction that Communism is a phase certain Americans go through before coming to live permanently in England



*A desire to breed
rare and exotic flowers*



*An opinion that any car costing more than £50
is ostentatious*

*An inclination to put the best construction
on the conduct of
dumb animals*



*A feeling
that people should be dedicated
to something
—anything
—as long as they're dedicated*



*A success in
learning
to "live" with
abstract art*



*A determination
to play
an obscure
musical
instrument*



TWO FIRST LADIES



Wrapped in their fur coats, the Queen of England and the Queen of Persia were photographed together during the royal visit to Iran, which wound up the Oriental tour. After six weeks' travelling, the Queen was too tired to see all the sights and Prince Philip went with the Shah to visit Persepolis, setting a sprightly pace (above). Incidentally, this was the first time that Queen Farah herself had seen the ruins of Darius's ancient city

PHOTOGRAPHS: RUS MELCHER/DALMAS



The Queen Mother was welcomed by the Duke of Beaufort (right) on her arrival at the racecourse station

Golden Cheltenham

REPORTED BY MURIEL BOWEN

March isn't usually associated with gay and frivolous hats but there was a profusion of them at Cheltenham, where the sunshine gave a glow to the National Hunt Meeting. Commented **Lord Willoughby de Broke**, Cheltenham's go-getting chairman: "It's the sort of weather I've been praying for. It made all the difference, too—I can't remember a single person assailing me about the sandwiches having run out, or their being unable to get a badge." There were 10,500 more racegoers there than last year (a total of 50,000), and the **Queen Mother** was among them. After **Saffron Tartan** won the Gold Cup she sent for the horse's owners, **Col. Guy Westmacott**, his son **Mr. Richard Westmacott**, and the **Countess of Cottenham**, to have a drink in her box.

Colonel Westmacott spotted the horse five years ago in an Irish yard when he was buying another horse. But it was six months later before the owner could be persuaded to part with him. Now the Cheltenham Gold Cup, a gleaming £200 worth, sits on the sideboard at the Westmacotts' home near Lewes. "We can still scarcely believe we've won it," the colonel told me two days after the race. "So I can't say what will happen to the cup, but I expect my two co-owners will have

replicas made." A June party in London (after the jumping season finishes) is being planned for all who helped towards **Saffron Tartan's** Gold Cup success.

Each day's racing had its own thrills. **Sir William Pigott-Brown** won the "Amateurs' Grand National," but gave his backers a shaking when **Superfine** landed over the last fence with his nose in the grass. **Sir William**, sitting tight, quickly pulled him together again, and they still had the better of their 31 rivals at the post. Watching from the stands were **Sir William's** mother and stepfather, **Capt. & Mrs. Charles Radclyffe**, and **Mr. Gilbert Egerton Cotton** who is **Sir William's** 81-year-old grandfather. It's almost 50 years since **Mr. Cotton**, then a crack G.R., went to Cheltenham and rode the winner of the National Hunt Chase.

There was a mighty cheer for **Mr. Larry Morgan**, the Australian double Gold Medallist, when he rode **Colledge Master** into the winners' circle after the gruelling four miles of the Foxhunters' Chase. "My husband had to diet to get his weight down from 13 st. to 11 st. 7 lb.," **Mrs. Morgan** told me afterwards. "For ages he's been sticking to steak and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 604



Picnic lunch for Lady Mancroft, her daughter Miss Venetia Quarry and Mrs. Keith Cameron



Jockey Fred Winter had two wins: the Champion Hurdle on Eborneezee (above), then the Gold Cup itself

Winner of the United Hunts Challenge Cup, Mr. Jack Shepherd leads in Chaos, ridden by A. Frank



Col. G. R. Westmacott, joint-owner of Gold Cup winner Saffron Tartan, and the Hon. Mrs. Westmacott

Below: Sir Geoffrey & Lady Barnett



For the wire fund

The Heythrop held a dance at Glympton Hall



Miss Priscilla Cubitt and Mr. Robin Fleming



Mrs. Roger Humphreys, & Lt.-Col. R. C. Barrow, Heythrop joint-Master

Hunt members and friends danced at Mr. Eric Towler's house near Woodstock



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Eric Towler (centre) and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, joint-Master, with guests at the ball

Mr. Jack Dunfee & Miss Jane Allday



green vegetables—and, of course, no alcohol. He found dieting very boring."

African horse sickness has delayed the return of the Morgans and the Olympic horses to Australia. They now plan to go back in June, taking Salad Days—the horse Mr. Morgan will ride at Badminton next month. But, sadly, they're selling Colledge Master before they leave.

There was the usual spate of house parties for the races. Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn had the Countess of Durham, Mr. & Mrs. William Miller, Col. Edward Boyd, and the Earl & Countess of Ranfurly staying with them at Williamstrip Park. "Rather the same lot each year," Lady St. Aldwyn told me. Major Anthony Biddulph, this year's High Sheriff of Gloucestershire, & Mrs. Biddulph had the Hon. Gavin & Mrs. Carew and Lady Burney staying with them. Capt. & Mrs. George Coles, who have a magnificent place in the Cotswolds, were entertaining in their box each day. Pamela Lady Vestey watched the races from their box and so did Mr. & Mrs. Pat Herdman (their daughter Olivia has a coming-out dance in Ireland during Dublin Horse Show week), Mr. Julian de Lisle, Mr. Anthony Sykes, and Miss Denise Coles. She was there with her fiancé, Mr. Edward Rose—they marry at the Parish Church, Chipping Campden, on 9 September.

Sir Julian Pode came straight to Cheltenham from a holiday in the West Indies. He and his wife landed at London Airport hours before racing. "We simply couldn't get over the weather, it was so warm," Lady Pode told me. Not that I think she would have shivered at Cheltenham anyway—the Podes have one of the new, large boxes with underfloor heating. Their daughter, Judy, who was with them, is off to Australia shortly to take a six-month job with horses. The Podes were entertaining Col. Cennydd Traherne, Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire,

the Hon. George & Mrs. Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. Fred Cartwright, Mr. Michael & the Hon. Mrs. Price and many other friends and relations.

Mr. & Mrs. Angus Hood had sandwiched two house parties into six days. They had Mr. & Mrs. Ian Scott and Major & Mrs. John Madden staying for the races, and a party of young people for the Heythrop Hunt Wire Fund Ball at the weekend.

The ball was at Glympton Park, and as Mr. E. W. Towler's house is both handsome and comfortable the wire fund got plenty of support. "A jolly good turnout," said Lt.-Col. R. C. Barrow, joint-Master as he surveyed "the field" from the warmth of the supper-room hearth. He told me that the Heythrop employs a couple of men all the year round replacing lengths of wire with solid, jumpable, cut-and-laid fences.

This delights the farmers. Trouble is, though, that foxes are still apt to jump the wire and hunt followers are still apt to try and emulate them. "See Mrs. Philip Fleming over there," they said, pointing out the wife of the Hunt's chairman. "She breaks herself up jumping wire almost every season; she's a great sport."

Others pointed out as "great wire people" were Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort, Miss Lavinia Jenkinson, Mrs. W. E. Lyon, and Mr. & Mrs. Richard Fleming. But then they're members of the wire committee.

I talked to Capt. Ronnie Ferguson (doing propaganda for the Household Brigade Polo Club) & Mrs. Ferguson, and Dame Molly Barnett who had her 21st birthday ball at Glympton, her father's home. Dame Molly, recently retired as Commandant of the Women's Royal Air Force, now lives at Woodstock and gardens madly. "But you know," she said, "every other post I get an invitation to go on some committee or other." Any day now I expect one will arrive from the Heythrop wire committee.

I NEVER SEEM TO HAVE THE TIME...

THE TATLER 22 March 1961 605

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDRA LOUSADA

Everybody says it, but they're all talking about something different. Max Caulfield pinned down some personalities on what they never have time for



Dr. Bronowski:

“... to write my books at one go—but I get round this by deliberately composing them in a series of parts. But after 40 one finds less and less time to do things. This is because one is beginning to lose interest. For instance, I never find time to read poetry now—though I was once passionate about it. I never have time for the cinema—though I still go to the theatre a lot, and that takes up more time really. It’s a question of the value you place on an activity.”

WHAT I want to know is: Are they hiding something from us? Are there still 24 hours in the day and night or are we now down to 23 and a half—or even 22? Have the Russians perhaps got on to something and started filching it from us—well, weren't they supposed to be messing about with the Gulf Stream and diverting it round Siberia so that Omsk or Tomsk could enjoy the health-giving smog which

Joan Littlewood:

“... to talk to Brendan Behan about his new play. He always says that the first job of a playwright is to enjoy life.”

LEWIS MORLEY



J. P. Donleavy:

“... to study zoology. I've always been fascinated by it—did three or four years at Trinity College, Dublin, in it. If I hadn't been a writer I'd probably have been a zoologist. But writing takes up nearly all my time nowadays. When I'm not writing?—well, then I'm reflecting.”

I NEVER SEEM TO HAVE THE TIME continued

Leslie Caron:

“... to paint. I'd love to be a full-time painter more than anything except acting. But when I'm busy I may not get time to paint for three months or so. I believe it's most important for the development of our personalities. What kind of painting?—oh, naïve primitive I'd say.”



properly belongs to the Thames Valley? Whatever it is, people just don't seem to have so much time any more.

Why, in the old days fitting in a quick trip to the top of the Jungfrau was never any trouble, even if there was only a fast post-chaise to get you there. Today—well, when was the last time you climbed to the top of the pagoda in Kew Gardens? It's a malaise, of course; that's what it is. Or maybe it's something to do with what Professor Parkinson says, that "work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion."

Another gem: "It is the busiest man who has time to spare." Well, we all know what that means. We *imagine* that being President of the United States must be a busy job—yet look at the way Ike used to find time to play golf or even go to India? If looking after Russia isn't a full-time occupation—what with all those virgin lands to be attended to and all those arguments with Chou-en-lai, and conducted through interpreters at that—then I don't know what is. But take Khrushchev: he has plenty of time, it seems, to down vast quantities of vodka. When he was in New York, he couldn't be kept from wandering out on to his balcony in his shirtsleeves to chit-chat with passers-by and television reporters. Why can men like Eisenhower and Khrushchev find oodles of time while the rest of us never seem to have a moment?

I don't know whether you've ever attended one of these intimate "press conferences" sometimes thrown in the larger West End hotels for visiting Hollywood celebrities. I ask this because when one does have to attend them, one rarely recognizes any press-men there. What usually happens is that six or seven starlets are gathered round a tableful of drinks by the publicity director—and forced to engage the invited guests in animated conversations which may well last an hour and a half. Half-way through the proceedings, the big star is ushered in by the publicity director—who quickly hustles him straight through to the end of the room where he stops for a few moments to chat briefly to a couple of well-known mountebanks before being hurried out through another door as though his life depended on it. The total time

taken up by all this rigmarole is roughly six and a half minutes.

I have heard anguished cries from show-business columnists when they were given this treatment. Yet to all their bleats the stock answer is always: "Ah, look here, fellas—ya know how busy he is." I once caught a well-known star morosely drinking in the next room with a couple of his aides after he had been shuffled through in this fashion. "Say, fella," he asked pleasantly and extremely languidly, "where do you get some action around this town?" Far from dashing off to see Macmillan about a new summit meeting, the poor chap was just the victim of this intense need to *appear* busy. In this case he'd been made too busy to attend to the needs of persons who were only too willing to boost his career.

In the course of waylaying the distinguished persons whose opinions appear here I was particularly attracted to the belief that one can never find time to do what one doesn't want to do. Conversely, of course, one always finds time to do what one wants to do. Take sex, for instance. Who is the best customer of the girly shows which are such a feature

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Sir Miles Thomas:

"... to get my hair cut. It's difficult to get out of the office—and anyway I'm not in favour of having one's hair cut in the firm's time. It's easier when one is doing business abroad—times are not so rigid. But in London it's always a problem with me."



John Spencer Churchill

“... to get regular sleep. When I was doing some work at the Milroy recently, I used to start at midnight—often it's this way, night being the only time you can get work done without interruption. I never have time to eat oranges. Or make toast. Sometimes I don't have time to clean my teeth. When I was working at Chartwell I didn't even have time to blow my nose.”



Lady Colwyn

“... to get to my painting lessons. I'm supposed to attend twice a week, but I'm lucky if I get going once a month. Apart from my council work I'm on a number of committees and my other work takes up a great deal of time. For instance, I have to sign some 3,000 letters in connection with our tombola stand at the Cartoonists' Club Ball.”

Mme. Prunier

“... to make excuses about not having time. If I have to find extra time to do something, then I just go to bed half-an-hour later. If I want to read a book badly I'll snatch five minutes here or there out of my day—or an extra 20 minutes before going to bed to get on with it. If I'm busy during the week with Food Association matters, then I might turn up in the restaurant on Saturday afternoon to make up for it. If you're interested enough in doing something—you'll find the time.”



I NEVER SEEM TO HAVE THE TIME

concluded

of London, New York and Athens? Why, businessmen; that is to say men who have ostensibly worked themselves into a frazzle and yet who have found time, miraculously, to shuffle off the load—at least temporarily. But give them a copy of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and see what a howl they'll raise. “Good heavens, man, I haven't got time to read a book!”

For my own part I have never had time to do any of the following things: Dig the garden... clear out the loft... raise pigs... visit the Outer Hebrides... spend a holiday in Leeds. The truth is that I am not passionate enough about any of these omissions. I think one ought to be suspicious of people who say they never have time. I never have time myself, but ring me at 2.45 a.m. and tell me a big party is just booming and do come along quick, and I'll be round in a tick, explaining as I come through the door in dressing-gown and slippers that I just didn't have time to slip anything on.



Eve-of-Landseer at the Royal Academy

Mr. Derek Hill, who assembled the paintings for the Landseer exhibition, gave a party



Mr. Benjamin Britten with Sir Colin Anderson, who is vice-chairman of the Tate Gallery Trustees

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDRA LOUSADA



Mr. & Mrs. Louis Le Brocqy (she paints as Anne Madden). In the background: the Marchioness of Londonderry



Mr. Peter Coats with Mr. David & Lady Pamela Hicks. The exhibition at the Diploma Gallery lasts until 14 May



The Hon. Patrick Lindsay, whose father is a National Gallery Trustee



Mr. Derek Hill, the host, with Mr. Humphrey Brooke, R.A. Secretary



Lady Mary Bailey (who was one of the Maids of Honour at the Coronation)

Mrs. Humphrey Brooke with Lady Glenconner



The Earl of Rosse & the Earl of Crawford & Balcarres



LAND (SEER) . . .

It used to be the fashion to ridicule Sir Edwin Landseer as an artist. Now—if the people who went to the Landseer exhibition at the Academy (see pictures on previous page) are to be taken as serious art enthusiasts—Sir Edwin may be on the way to a comeback. The **Earl of Rosse**, the **Earl & Countess of Pembroke**, the **Marquess & Marchioness of Londonderry**, and the **Hon. William Grosvenor**—all families with noted picture collections—were there. So were **Sir Colin & Lady Anderson** and their daughter Rose (who recently went to Australia and back on the maiden voyage of the *Oriana*). Sir Colin is chairman of the Tate. Though Landseer could not yet be described as a popular figure with the art public, he has aroused interest among the collectors and the specialists in the past few years. A small work of Landseer which fetched £100 in 1948 realizes £700 to £1,000 today.

The **Queen** lent several Landseers for the exhibition (Queen Victoria noted in her diary the day that Landseer died that she had 39 of his works). The **Duke of Abercorn** sent about 40 from Baron's Court, in Northern Ireland.

Most of the pictures, though, came from small collectors. Mr. **Colin Clark** sent one; his father Sir Kenneth bought it several years ago and gave it to him as a present.

Biggest buyer of Landseer's work in the past few years has been Mr. **Henry McIlhenny** from Philadelphia. He's got about 20 drawings and pictures at Glenveagh Castle, his place in Ireland. Those who are very anti-Victorian in painting will find it even more difficult to understand Mr. McIlhenny's interest in Landseer when he's already got a fine collection of French Impressionists.

. . . AND SEA

Yachtsmen like their social activities best when they're in the off-season, and nearly 400 dancers turned up for the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Ball at the Hyde Park. As usual, talk of new boats and sailing plans for the coming season dominated the conversation, and I've been following up some of it since. Mr. **Brian Stewart**, who did so well in Scandinavian waters last year with Lloyd's Yacht Club's *Lutine*, has purchased *Zulu* from Sir **Henry Spurrier**. Sir Henry has replaced it with a new and smaller boat, a 21-footer called *Hampshire Maid*. **Lt.-Col. the Hon. William Lawson**, Scots Guards, who is recently home from abroad, will be sailing a new racer called *Rampage*. He's probably best known as the skipper of *Gladeye*, the Household Brigade's boat.

The Commodore of the Royal London, Mr. **E. Ellsworth-Jones**—who gave quite the best ball of last year's Cowes Week—hopes to have *Pundit* launched in May. "I've called her *Pundit* because I'm hoping that she'll be a wise old woman. I've put 25 years of experience into her," he told me. **Col. & Mrs. Kenneth Wylie** will be out in a newcomer, and another partnership for racing is **Dr. Jack Kempton & Mr. Robert Lochner**, who hope to have the new *El Vigo* ready for the beginning of the season.

Still more with new boats: Mr. **D. E. P. Naughton**, the Yorkshire helmsman, and Mr. **Geoffrey Pattinson**, whose *Zarabanda* has already had a shakedown in Australian waters. He shipped her out for the Sydney-Hobart race at Christmas.

With the draw of the Admiral's Cup it promises to be a good season for ocean racers. "Yes indeed," concurred Mr. **Peter Green**, the Royal Ocean Racing Club's new Commodore. "There will be a lot of keen competition. But many foreigners' rivalry this year will make it hard for us to win the Fastnet, though there will be plenty of us having a darn good try!" One foreign yachtsman, Mr. **Henry du Pont** of the chemical family, has already sent over his boat with the Fastnet in mind.

Muriel Bowen



Miss Barbara Tobias with Mr. Bill Richardson, honorary secretary of Lloyd's Yacht Club

Eve-of-season

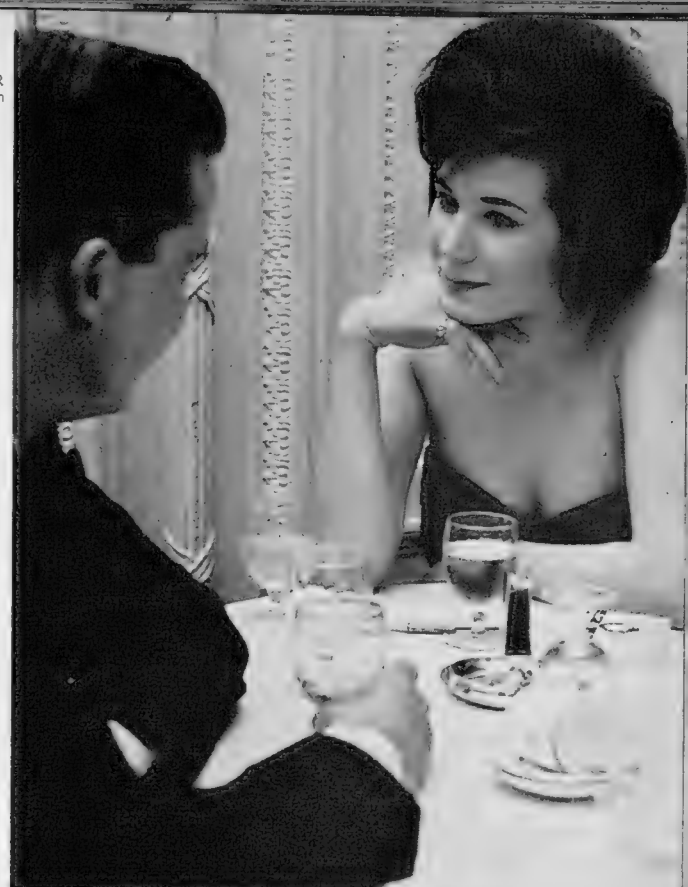


Mr. Peter Green, Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. The dance was for club members and their friends



Major G. W. Anderson, who has just bought the yacht Sheenan, Mrs. Ayton-Ormston, Miss Nina Lundwall and Mr. Mark Ayton-Ormston

THE TATLER
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Miss Cheryl Boyer, whose father sails the ocean racer Pym, with Mr. D. J. Dinkeldein

dance for ocean yachtsmen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Donald Campbell, who shares the yacht Tumbelina, & the Hon. Mrs. Campbell

Left: Mrs. Anne O'Reilly and Mr. John Sedgwick

LORD KILBRACKEN

Nursing a hopeless passion

A COUPLE of years ago, in extravagance and optimism, I bought a young passion-flower: *passiflora coerulea*, said the Dublin nurseryman. I already knew and loved those strange exotic blooms, which I'd seen from time to time in other people's gardens. The variety is hardy, or so the handbook says, surviving in warm and sheltered corners, but even the nurseryman was doubtful if it would survive the long black winters of Killegar. I took a chance, planting it against the house one mild December evening, and dunged it, and wrapped it in sacking, and waited for the spring.

It began to sprout in April, sending forth an erect leader which clung with its twining tendrils to the wires I'd arranged for it. Soon it was green with leaves and began to send out side-shoots. Then on a June morning, when it was already five feet high, I noticed the first buds towards the top of the plant. The weather stayed fine and warm: I'd have passion-flowers, the buds promised, before the end of the month.

Then something happened which I still can't account for. The first thing I noticed was that the whole vibrant plant seemed to be withering away, its shiny leaves drooping in the sun, its still-unopened buds hanging limp heads. When I examined it closely, the truth was at once clear: the main stem had been severed a foot or two from the ground. Perhaps it was someone's malice, or perhaps it was jealousy; it may even have been done by a naughty child. I never discovered. I tore down what had died, trimmed the wound with secateurs, and chose the strongest side-shoot to train as a new leader.

It thrived, and was just as high by autumn as the leader had been at death, and was even covered with buds; but it had been too late starting and the hard frosts came before they could come to flower.

Dung and sacking saw it safely to another spring. Then, as early as March, it began to send forth a new profusion of leaves and stems and

tendrils. It seemed to grow with frenzy. By summer it was nearly twice my height with a hundred buds or more, and I had to arrange a new pattern of wires to guide its growth over a corner of the house. However, for the most part, it perversely disregarded these man-made guide-lines, though sometimes I twined round them its spiralling tendrils, of which it had ten thousand. Instead it stretched its arms towards an old climbing rose, its nearest neighbour to sunward, already in scarlet flower.

Then, without a word to me, on a fine July morning, it put out its first bloom: a sudden strange jungle-plant in the green crumblins of Leitrim, with its fantastic, fleshlike flower in intricate arrangement. Next day there were three, and then there were eleven. Everyone admired them. It was now that someone told me how the flower got its name. "Look," he said wisely. "Each bloom has three stigmas for the three nails of Christ's passion; the five anthers are His five wounds, and the rays of the corona are the crown of thorns. The ten parts of the perianth are the ten faithful apostles."

"And the tendrils?"

"The tendrils are the scourges," my friend replied.

I pictured my *passiflora* as I thought it would soon be with a hundred or more simultaneous blooms. But then I noticed that no single flower ever remained open for more than three days. (This must have something to do with the Resurrection, I thought.) On the second day, the three conspicuous stigmas would bend and then turn upwards, till their three outer extremities—the heads of the three nails—met and touched in a crooked triplex kiss. That was the first sign, though the beauty of the flower would still be undiminished; next morning, however, the ten apostolic petals would themselves begin to close, until, by evening, they seemed to have formed a bud again. Then the bloom would quickly wither, and fall within a week, yellow and wrinkled.

So despite all the promise of buds, there were never more than perhaps a dozen flowers on any particular day. (Since it kept this up till the early days of October, it must have blossomed three hundred times or more before at last it finished.) And I promptly invented a new reason for its name: it is called a passion-flower, I said, because it's beautiful and wonderful and only lasts three nights. Everyone believed me.

All this time the neighbouring rose-tree, which had been growing there for decades, was being silently strangled. I suppose I could have saved it, but I decided, for one reason or another, to let nature take care of its own internecine war. The passion-flower, immune to thorns, grasped the rose eagerly, and soon began to smother it with its shiny leaves and alien flowers. By the end of summer the rose-tree was hidden, except for one almost leafless branch, protruding incongruously with a single deep-red bloom, durable and magnificent. When growth stopped in autumn, the passion-flower had a measured height of fourteen feet, and its numerous side-shoots extended laterally to form a great semi-circle of profuse verdure.

Before winter came, I took care to protect its roots and base again, and then left it to itself; I was away for a while. It wasn't till the first March days that I next inspected it, hoping for some sign or promise of the new year's growth. I had no forebodings as I came to it, for it still clung tenaciously to the same piece of wall. But, when I examined it, I found that it was dead. Its hardened tendrils still grasped the wires and thorns, but as a dead man's hand may still grasp firmly a rope or stave or spar; they supported only a ghost, holy or profane, whose every stem was hard and brittle and snapped between my fingers. Like last year's passion, it was beyond revival.

But beside it, my faithful rose-tree was alive and thriving. Already it had strong, green shoots, and the first suggestion of buds to incarnadine the summer.



PASSPORTS TO PARIS

Credentials come first when buying in Paris without leaving London. Sometimes copies sold as "inspired by" Dior, Lanvin-Castillo or any other great couturier bear little resemblance to the originals or even to Paris clothes at all. That's because the adaptations were made from memory or report and the manufacturer over here has only guessed at the way a dress or coat was cut and put together. The only certain guarantee of a line-for-line copy from Paris is the practice among makers of buying the *toile* of the original from the house that designed it. Examples on these pages are from the current Continental Collection in the Gainsborough Room at Debenham & Freebody, 27 Wigmore St. W.1. All can be made to measure in the original or other materials at the end of March; prices on application

Grecian line dress of white pure silk jersey by Guilleman with a swathe of palest green jersey sweeping from shoulder to hem is from Madame Grès of Paris who has designed a couture collection exclusive to Debenham & Freebody. The clothes will carry her label and the price range is from 29½ to 49 gns. though this one will cost more owing to the intricate work involved

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CLARK



The privately owned Château de Pontchartrain near Paris provides an elegant background for Lanvin-Castillo's coat of Dobin's smooth surfaced wool in a delicate Rose de Bois. The skirt is split into four panels showing the toning rose silk dress beneath. Exact copies of the coat may be ordered towards end-March

PASSPORTS TO PARIS

continued



light: From the much-acclaimed
or collection created by their
w designer Marc Bohan, a
cktail dress in Bianchini's navy
k organza mounted on nylon
le. The tucked bodice ends
t short of the serrated waistline
m which springs the wide bell
rt. This dress also will be
thfully copied in the original
aterial at Debenham & Freebody



Opposite: For a grand occasion,
Nina Ricci's sensational evening
dress in Bianchini's turquoise
mousseline mounted on tulle and
organza. It is shown in an
appropriate setting, the grand
staircase of the Paris Opera. A
line-for-line copy in the original
materials will also be available
towards the end of the month

In the Rue de Castiglione, Lanvin-Castillo's about-town summer suit in a green lace-weave wool by Ducharne. The raised rounded collar, the short, broad sleeves and the abbreviated jacket are all characteristic of this collection. Copies can be ordered in this or other materials from Debenham & Freebody at end-March



PASSPORTS TO PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALFREDO DE MOLLI



... with a postscript
from the evocative
late showings of
spring fashion by
Givenchy and Balenciaga

After the femininity of Dior, the astringency of Givenchy. His clothes—designed primarily for the small, youthful woman—depended entirely on line for their effect. As always, impeccable tailoring was Givenchy's forte. Little collarless, sleeveless dresses with moulded bodices had just-over-the-knee skirts gathered into a natural waistline. These were invariably topped by straight-fitting barely hip-length jackets. Givenchy used a double navy wool fringing for the suit (above). It is in a fine navy and cream houndstooth checked wool with the front of the jacket cut, typically, on the cross, and the back on the straight. The suit will be on sale at Simpsons, Piccadilly, at the end of March, made to measure in the original material, sizes 10, 12, 14, price: £38. Givenchy's coats maintained a broad-shouldered effect with horizontal seams. He kept most of them to nine-tenths length and featured tiny collars, large, low-placed patch pockets and shortened, cuffless sleeves. Givenchy's colours were beige, grey and navy, some hard and brilliant vermilion reds, acid greens, Chinese blues and even shocking pink

It is to Balenciaga that Paris always looks for the shapes of fashion to come. Even Christian Dior was influenced by him and freely acknowledged the debt. Changes at Balenciaga are subtle and not always immediately apparent but in his current collection there are signs of a return to vogue for the moulded jacket. Straw in the wind is this silk two-piece in a black and white print with the jacket front sharply moulded to the figure. Worn in the deep U neck is a necklet of orange and green brilliants



Balenciaga's coat in a pale grey heavy wool twill worn over a sleeveless dress of toning silk shantung (detail above) is similar to many shown in the collection of his disciple, Givenchy. With it goes a cap of vermillion chiffon and a jewel of the same colour is worn at the throat of the dress



PASSPORTS TO PARIS

concluded



By Givenchy, a coat that is a triumph of cutting. The cloth is of pale turquoise wool backed with a fleecy reverse and the moulding of the front of the coat is achieved by skilful seaming, also used to simulate the cuffs and hem. It is worn in Paris over a two-piece dress of heavy navy silk shantung (detail above) belted at the natural waist with navy calf. Woollands, Knightsbridge, will have the coat, in all sizes, at the end of the month, prices on application

Cosmopolitan outposts



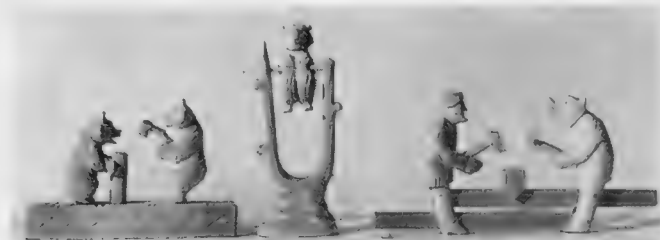
For Eastern cargoes: the Marco Polo shop, Lansdowne Row. Most are modern, but there are a few antiques. Available now, Chinese furniture; hand-painted wallpaper and panels; Japanese silk; grass wallpapers (a new consignment soon will give a wider colour and design range) and lacquer work, like this huge, shallow bowl decorated with gold (14 gns.). Also there, Siamese and Burmese crafts, some staggering brass Indian lanterns. Brass rubbings from China and Burma can be framed; cushions covered in glowing Thai silks.



For ideas from Spain: the Casa Pupo, Pimlico Road. Jose Cassasus owns the shop, designs the wares and has workmen in Spain to make them for him by hand. There is an astounding collection of white ceramics, copied from turn-of-the-century designs—huge bowls of fruit, individual salad dishes, vases, candlesticks and—shown here—*jardinieres* (this one £3 16s.) and lidded vases (these £2 10s.). Also magnificent table and decorative glass, and colourful rugs which—in traditional Spanish style—can be used as quilts.



For French antiques and home accessories: 25 Davies Street. Here, Mr. & Mrs. Godfrey Bonsack have conjured French imagination, intelligence and chic into their shop. Chairs, sofas and cushions are re-born by a touch of genius in upholstery and there is delicate china, toilet paraphernalia, cut-crystal glass to lend style to any room. Buy French materials there too. The Bonsacks are also agents for French Sansom china—a firm which makes exact copies of world-famous pieces. Here a pair of Old Chelsea pugs (30 gns.) and a china vase of flowers, largest of a set of three (£28 10s., or the set, £55)



For Russian crafts: the Russian Shop, 289 High Holborn, W.C.1. Here is a glorious and gay collection of crafts from all 15 republics and Bulgaria as still made in the villages. There is a unique collection of children's toys, painted or plain, including wood-chopping bears and a somersaulting bear—15s. each. There are more sophisticated goods, too—lacquer *Palekh* boxes, scents, jewellery, porcelain and rugs. Early summer extensions will add travel and wine bars to the shop.



For Norwegian furniture and home ideas: Overgaard, 31 Connaught Street, W.2. Mrs. Simkins owns the shop and is principally interested in Norwegian furniture, some of which she imports exclusively. She has everything except bedroom furniture, mainly in teak, but some oak and pine. Chairs are upholstered to order and there are all sorts of ideas in cutlery, woodware, cotton fabrics, rugs, pottery and pewter. Shown: Magnor glass in peacock blue; tall vase and jug, 22s. 6d. each; top-shaped vase, 2 gns.

A Goya from the Thyssen-Bornemisza collection at the National Gallery (Galleries, page 624)



VERDICTS



JOHN TIMBERS

The play

The Miracle Worker. Royalty Theatre. (Anna Massey, Janina Faye, John Robinson, Dilys Hamlett, Derek Fowlds.)

The films

Search For Paradise. Cinerama. Director Otto Lang, commentator Lowell Thomas.

The Grass Is Greener. Director Stanley Donen. (Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, Joan Simmons, Moray Watson.)

The Hidden Fortress. Director Akira Kurosawa. (Toshiro Mifune, Yusa Uehara, Minoru Chiaki, Tamatari Fujiwara, Susuma Fujita.)

Ungegründet. Director Renato Castellani. (Anna Magnani, Giulietta Masina, Mariam Bru, M. Cristina Cajoni.)

The books

The Waste Makers, by Vance Packard. (Longmans, 21s.)

The Heart of London, by Monica Dickens. (Michael Joseph, 21s.)

Be Ready With Bells & Drums, by Elizabeth Kata. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

Fido Couchant, by P. B. Abercrombie. (Gollancz, 15s.)

The Light In The Piazza, by Elizabeth Spencer.

(Heinemann, 12s. 6d.)

A Quality Of Mercy, by Paul West. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

The records

The Wild Jazz Age, by Wilbur de Paris

Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy

Teddy Bruckner & The All Stars

Jazz Goes To College, by

Dave Brubeck

Bernstein Plays Brubeck Plays

Bernstein

After Hours, by Paul Desmond & Friends

Finger Poppin', by Horace Silver

The galleries

Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection, National Gallery

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

High drama in a simple story

THE TREATMENT OF A CHILD BORN blind, mute and deaf may seem to many a decidedly putting-off and possibly a painful subject for the stage; but those who shy away from **The Miracle Worker** at the Royalty on this account will deprive themselves of the best new play and some of the best acting that the present season has yielded.

One rather despairs of convincing the shiers of the subtle tension and steadily mounting excitement that the author draws from his simple material. All he has to describe is how the pathetically defective child is brought by outstanding patience in the teacher to the point at which education may begin. But Mr. William Gibson is a dramatic reporter of genius. He is austere content with the facts made available to him from the letters of the late Annie Sullivan, the adolescent Irish girl who, herself cured of blindness after nine serious operations, made it her business to unlock the mind of the child who was to become famous in America as Miss Helen Keller and is still alive.

But his selection of the facts is made with an almost unerring instinct for what is significant; and facts building on facts end by creating a story more moving in its human awareness and compassion than any likely to have come about if the reporter had sought to help them out by his own invention.

The play has only two dramatic issues, but they remain continuously alive. The Irish girl who has been made cheerfully tough by her own

sufferings and does not in the least mind what indignities are thrust upon her so long as she is left free to achieve what others think impossible, perceives that her pupil's worst enemies are her parents who indulge their natural pity at the child's expense. They simply let Helen do what she likes. The inevitable consequence is that she is little better than a wild animal, immensely vital but slobberingly dirty, given to ungovernable rages and often dangerous.

Anne is for all the world like a busy, determined little skivvy trying to clean up an Augean stable and constantly hindered by those who badly want the stable cleaned up but do not believe that the job can ever be done.

But the girl boasts of having the luck of the Irish. She has more. She has the simple faith that within the greedy, savage little animal put in her charge is a mind that, though seemingly hermetically sealed off from communication, can be opened out if only she has the perseverance to find the key. She must gain time for the search by fighting off the interference of the well-meaning, wrong-headed parents; and then left alone with the child she must force the child into the habit of spelling out words on the fingers.

The intensely moving climax of the play is the sudden realization by the child that this finger game is more than a game and that the words she has been spelling have meaning. Her mind is at last unlocked, and is free to develop.

Miss Anna Massey, amusing in *The Reluctant Debutante* and somewhat disappointing in *The Elder Statesman*, takes an exhilaratingly big stride forward in her acting of the cheerful, indomitably single-minded governess. We forget the actress in the part, so naturally yet so compellingly is the part played. She and the author are in luck, since Miss Janina Faye is quite perfectly cast as the child. Whether

Dilys Hamlett, Janina Faye & Anna Massey in *The Miracle Worker*, (reviewed below)

Robert Mitchum & Cary Grant in *The Grass Is Greener* (Cinema, page 622)



as a savage little animal or as a pathetic creature half broken in and waiting for an imprisoned intelligence to free itself this Helen is always convincing. The great showdown over the breakfast table which wrecks the room brings these actresses a deserved ovation.

There is a particularly good supporting performance by Mr. John Robinson as the pompous, irascible father, a lath painted to look like iron and broken by the genuine will-power of the selfless governess. Miss Dilys Hamlett, as the fond mother, and Mr. Derek Fowlds, as the loutish but clear-minded son, also make their contributions to a wholly delectable evening.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Lowell's labour's lost

TO ANYBODY WHO IS A SUCKER FOR the super-travelogue, I can recommend Cinerama's **Search For Paradise**—the ubiquitous Mr. Lowell Thomas's latest conducted tour of far-off foreign parts. This time he turns his attention to Ceylon, the Kingdom of Hunza, the River Indus, the Vale of Kashmir and Nepal—and it says much for the extravagant beauty of these regions that not even his leaden commentary and the crushing banality of the accompanying songs (which would shame a TV commercial) could spoil it for me.

Mr. Thomas's heavily arch excuse for his long journey (as if any excuse but the prospect of profit were necessary) is that he wanted to help two U.S. Air Force chaps, a major and a sergeant, to find the paradise on earth for which they



VIOLENT MEETING in a women's prison between the seasoned convict (Anna Magnani), and the newcomer (Giulietta Masina), in *Caged*

seemed to be hankering. This was pretty big of him—for he could scarcely have found two duller or more unresponsive travelling companions.

They show little enthusiasm for the splendours of Ceylon, and on their jeep jaunt along the Hunza Road—a narrow ledge winding round the mountains with a sheer drop of 2,000 feet to the valley below on one side—they are too edgy to appreciate the really magnificent view.

They brighten a little in the tiny, "roof of the world" kingdom of Hunza. The local customs are strange—everybody is mad about a particularly ferocious form of polo, and the reigning Mir, in a plumed fur fez, metes out justice to his people single-handed—but there's something very homey about the jingles sung off-screen by a booming baritone: "They need no pills to cure their ills—in Happy Hunza," and so forth—irresistible to ad-fed Americans.

The trip down the raging River Indus is admittedly somewhat unnerving and you may find yourself ducking as the wild waters break over the eye of the camera and smack into yours—but the Vale of Kashmir, once reached, is all peace and bliss, and our American chums loll gratefully in their luxury

houseboat, lapping up the hard liquor, sampling the local specialties and listening contentedly to a cosy Kashmiri calypso.

They might, perhaps, settle for this as their earthly Paradise—but Mr. Thomas whisks them off to Nepal. President Eisenhower has appointed him "special representative" at the coronation durbar in Khatmandu—and he's not going to miss the chance of taking precedence over the Corps Diplomatique. Despite the presence of Communist envoys (darkly noted as ominous), King Mahendra's coronation is celebrated without untoward incident and in great pomp.

The major and the "sarge" look on gravely—but their hearts are not here. As we discover in the film's deafening closing sequence, their idea of Paradise is really Elgin Air Force Base, Florida—with jet planes roaring overhead and plate-glass windows crashing to the ground in fragments every time the sound barrier is freshly shattered. Odd chaps, these Americans. The jiggle in Cinerama's triptych screen still persists, sometimes maddeningly, sometimes amusingly: I mean, it is rather fun to see the daunting, high Himalayas skipping like goats.

Based on a play by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams, *The Grass Is Greener* is a mild frolic in the "Stately Homes" belt. The cast is strong but the story is slender and has been made to seem even thinner by over-stretching to make a 101-

minute film. The dialogue is neat if slightly theatrical—but instead of giving it the attention it deserves one finds oneself listening to (and humming) Mr. Noël Coward's familiar and delightful songs (*The stately homes of England*, of course, and *Sigh no more, I'll follow my secret heart*, etc.) which as "background music" are wickedly intrusive.

Mr. Cary Grant, smooth as ever, and Miss Deborah Kerr, a trifle wan, are the Earl and Countess who have thrown open the greater part of their country mansion to half-a-crown-a-nob sightseers. Mr. Robert Mitchum, once more lapsed into semi-somnolence, plays the American oil millionaire, a paying visitor bent on getting more than his moneysworth. By boldly penetrating into the private apartments, he meets Miss Kerr—and it is love at first sight for both of them.

Mr. Grant knows well what is going on but, even when Miss Kerr spends four days in London with Mr. Mitchum, conceals his jealousy and plays it very bland, in the English manner. He has, however, to resort to trickery to win his Countess back. Mr. Moray Watson is entertaining as a co-operative butler and Miss Jean Simmons, looking positively ravishing, gives a delicious performance—the liveliest in the film—as scattish Hattie, a man-&-mink huntress.

Don't let the grim opening sequences of the Japanese film, *The Hidden Fortress*, put you off. This is—surprise, surprise—a comedy,

beautifully directed by Mr. Akira Kurosawa, set in the Japan of the Middle Ages, and entirely different from any film I have ever seen before. It is a kind of fairytale concerning two destitute soldiers (Messrs. Minoru Chiaki and Kamatari Fujiwara—the Laurel & Hardy of Tokyo, one would say) and their adventures in the company of a noble Samurai (Mr. Toshiro Mifune) who is engaged in smuggling a royal Princess and a royal treasure out of a conquered kingdom.

As played, Principal Boy style, by Miss Misa Uehara, the Princess is about the most conspicuous fugitive imaginable. She is inevitably captured—but fearnothing, the story has, as fairytales must, a gloriously happy ending which should bring you cheering to your feet. Thrown into the film for good measure are an orgiastic Fire Festival and an enthralling duel with spears, fought by Messrs. Mifune and Susumu Fujita to the accompaniment of fierce and taunting battlecries. I strongly recommend you to see this remarkable film.

The Italian film, *Caged*, was shot entirely in a women's prison in Rome, and gives a vivid and somewhat alarming impression of the rampagous females you might find there. The film seethes with raucous life—and is dominated by the superb Signorina Anna Magnani, as a defiant and cynical old lag who, without meaning to, sets the once innocent Signorina Giulietta Masina on the road to ruin.

SIRIOL
HUGH-JONES
ON
BOOKS

Mr. Packard & his albatross

VANCE PACKARD SEEMS TO ME TO BE rapidly turning into the Ancient Mariner of our times, gripping us by the collective elbow and pouring into our appalled ears yet another gripping instalment about the nasty habits and attitudes that are currently frightening him to death. He also has a splendid gift for pinning chic-sounding labels on the monstrous activities indulged in by Them, which gives Us a good feeling of moral uplift to go with our delicious shudders. The books have of course a special appeal for the English, who are able to experience all the relief of how-terrible-it-must-be-there together with the quaking certainty of it'll-be-coming-our-way-soon.

The latest Packard, called *The Waste Makers*, is described as "a startling revelation of planned wastefulness and obsolescence in

industry today." This means to me how somebody makes things for the purpose of your throwing them away. The book contains some enchanting pieces of information, and I am certainly delighted to know that by 1960 the most popular American dog-food was pressure-blown puffed meal chunks, and that you can now buy a throwaway mousetrap which is totally expendable, corpse and all. The most haunting and incantatory sentences in the book concern a potato-peeler which the crafty manufacturers hoped would be thrown away by mistake. "He proposed that their company paint its peelers a color 'as much like a potato peeling as possible'. However, a potato-colored peeler wouldn't have much eye-appeal on the sales counter." There's the makings of a poem there somewhere.

Monica Dickens's *The Heart of London* is a jumbo novel, full of interconnecting stories, about a district (Notting Hill Gate?) condemned to make room for a new road. I'd say it was my hot-bath book of the month, were it not for the fact that one would have to arrange for meals to be brought in from time to time as one soaked. And *Be Ready with Bells and Drums* by Elizabeth Kata has all the ingredients that usually fill my heart with dread—poor deprived unloved and blind American girl, succour from enlightened stranger, consciously naïve first-person narrative, hostile no-good mother; yet the final effect is in fact touching and convincing, though the last-minute surprise can be seen coming. It is an odd book and makes a sound of its own.

Ido Couchant by P. B. Abererombie is a novel about two married couples, about love and jealousy and about how your husband happening to fancy another woman need not mean he intends to leave home. I found myself unable to like any one of the quartet, but maybe this is in fact not the point. I think the book's merit may lie in Miss Abererombie's cool pussy-cat

style, her oblique wit, and the bothering way she has of leaving you wondering whether maybe she didn't like any of the characters much either. She has a calm, amused and provoking mind, and a nice line in tart sweetness that lingers.

The Light in the Piazza by Elizabeth Spencer is that thing that frequently gives me cause for such happiness—a novella. The novella seems to me about the best idea in fiction, since there is simply no space for telling the exhausted reader how the heroine took out her glasses and polished them unless this is essential to the action.

This particular book is a curious and wry variation on the old theme of the American lady on holiday in Italy. This is in fact a holiday for two—an attractive middle-aged woman and her beautiful daughter who is physically adult but happens to have the mental age of a child of 10, with no hope of improvement. Of course there is the customary love-affair, but with snags peculiar to the situation. The tone is detached, almost brisk, but you care from the start what becomes of the characters. What could easily have been a sensational and cruel theme is handled with grace and tenderness and not a drop of sentimentality.

A Quality of Mercy by Paul West is a wild tangy whiff of the genuine Cold Comfort Farm compost. The setting is a dire wood in Connecticut, where an ill-assorted trio—ancient mother, wordy brother and repressed spinster daughter—live in a more or less perpetual state of crisis. There are many brutal and hair-raising events, culminating in four violent deaths which are sad but quite to be expected, and the style reads curiously like a translation from some ornate antique tongue.

Nobody has much fun except the ghastly old mama who sets light to some fireworks at a bleak party while wearing her off-white moth-eaten wedding-dress and carrying a small lunch-case. This is a most bizarre and stormy small novel, and I

advise a brisk ramble through it for those who treasure a real weirdie when they see it.



The better sort of Dixieland

WILBUR DE PARIS'S LATEST ALBUM announces *The wild jazz age* (SAH-K6115), and concerns itself with music which was popular in New York in the twenties. This is a little odd if one recalls that the brothers Wilbur (trombone) and Sidney (trumpet) de Paris base their jazz on the New Orleans style, and have as their main connection with New York a 20-year-old association with Ryan's, a 52nd Street nightclub! There is no need to pretend that this music is anything but the better sort of Dixieland, all too rare today. This is a band of veterans, who know exactly how to make the beat and every inflection that surrounds it.

Texas-born Teddy Buckner, a trumpet player in the tradition of Louis Armstrong, steps into the maestro's breach in fronting the Armstrong All Stars for an interesting session (LAE12240). Both Teddy and trombonist Trummy Young capture the entire spirit of Dixieland to lead the group through a riot of well-tryed themes. At the same time, it is interesting to compare a similar All Star session, this time led by Satchmo in person. This rousing 1954 session immortalizes the tunes of W. C. Handy (BBL7445), and is one of the first reissues in the Giant Jazz Gallery series, intended to bring the Philips jazz repertoire within the range of the impecunious fans. Apart from being one of their best recordings, it has come to be a yardstick whereby

I relate the All-Stars' progress in subsequent years.

Modesty steps in where Dave Brubeck is concerned. In *Jazz goes to college* (BBL7447), the Giant Jazz Gallery shows what his quartet sounded like in 1954. The dominant voice, even in those days, was altoist Paul Desmond, though he was less mature; I find it hard to justify the reissue of this particular album, especially when the contemporary group is prolifically recorded.

Brubeck's 1960 work is well illustrated by *Bernstein plays Brubeck plays Bernstein* (STFL542), one side of which is devoted to a moderately successful attempt to blend the quartet with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. The reverse finds Brubeck working on various Bernstein pieces from his Broadway scores—note the vastly improved rhythm section, the consistency and more imaginative approach Dave makes to the piano, but above all the eloquence and sensitivity in every note that Paul Desmond blows during the session. I don't feel happy about the jazz content, but as an uncategorized musical experiment it has its merits.

Paul sounds even better in an after-hours set, *Paul Desmond and friends* (WS8020). He swings like nobody's business, to the brisk rhythm provided by Percy Heath, Connie Kay, and Jim Hall. Perhaps the absence of a piano comes as a relief after his usual role.

For the first time one of America's most important jazz labels, Blue Note, can be bought through retailers in Britain. They are not cheap at 49s. 4½d.—nearly 10s. dearer than the next highest priced LP—but the rarity of the material will justify the outlay for many collectors. Horace Silver's Quintet goes *Finger poppin'* for the first release (BLP4008), a modern-sounding set of bop pieces which the pianist leader wrote himself. Horace is one of the most lucid melodic composers, and easier to assimilate than Monk. His style has a strong flavour of Bud Powell at his best.

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ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Buy a season for this show

"IN THE TOWN OF NUREMBERG, ON the 21st of May, 1471, the great artist Albrecht Dürer was born. His father, a Hungarian who had settled there as a goldsmith, soon saw that his son had extraordinary artistic gifts and sent him, when he was only 13, to study under Michael Wohlgemut. . . ."

That, or something like it, is a translation of the only bit of German prose I can remember from my schooldays. In fact, I never realized that I had remembered it until this week when I found myself standing in front of a picture labelled *Portrait of Levinus Memmingen* by Michael Wolgemut (*sic*).

I realized then, too, that I had never really *looked at* a Wohlgemut though I must have seen some in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich.

In an exhibition so rich that a magnificent still-life by Chardin is tucked away in a dark corner between two galleries, it is not surprising, I suppose, that a "little" Master like Wohlgemut gets hardly more than a glance from anyone. But since so much has already been written about the Great Masters' works in the amazing Thyssen collection—the Holbein, the Van Eycks, the Bellini and the Titians, the Rubens and the Hals, the Ghirlandaio, the El Greco and the Uccello (a very doubtful one, I think)—it is time someone sang the praises of the lesser pictures.

Certainly these pictures should not be missed, and a second or third visit to the exhibition (a season ticket is only 7s. 6d.) will be made well worth while by the delights they hold for inquiring minds.

Look first, perhaps, at the portraits of a man and a woman by Hans Holbein the Elder, a painter not, in most ways, in the same class as his magnificent son and yet, judged by these two pictures, more sensitive.

While in the same room, stand for a minute in front of the husband and wife portraits by Barthel Bruyn the Elder. Count the rings on their fingers (on the trigger fingers, too). Look at the man's ermine-lined velvet coat—you can *feel* the luxury of it. Look at his stern old face and the slight smile on the lips of his wife, who is half his age. What little of their life together is left out of the pictures is not hard to imagine.

Compare these two, both as paintings and as people, with the

other married couple in the room—Barthel Beham's portraits of Ruprecht Stüpf and his wife. Here again the man looks stern, even cruel, and the woman looks terrified of him (or of the painter?).

Having limbered up your imagination on these you are now ready to let it really go to town on the superb painting of an Ophelia-like girl in the small south room. This is Juan de Flandes' portrait of Joanna the Mad. (The fact that there is some doubt about whether it is Joanna and further doubt that Joanna was in fact mad and not just spoofing, need not deter you.)

Joanna, you will remember, should have succeeded her mother, Queen Isabella, to the throne of Spain. Instead her son, the Emperor Charles V, became king while she passed the rest of her long life in a nunnery. Without any imaginative embroidery hers is a fantastic story. And this is a fantastically beautiful portrait, worthy of Vermeer. It is wonderfully sensitive yet powerfully modelled, and it has the surface finish of enamel.

There is a second fine picture, a Pieta, by Juan de Flandes in the same room and another in the permanent collection of the National Gallery. Little is known about the artist except that he was in the employment of Queen Isabella and came from Flanders.

Worth special attention in the light of the problems faced by art historians in their work of attribution is a *Portrait of a young man*, ascribed here to Giulio Romano, a pupil of Raphael's, but believed by some experts to be by Raphael himself. The identity of the subject, too, is in doubt but he is probably Alessandro, the illegitimate son of Lorenzo de' Medici.

Almost without exception the pictures in this exhibition are masterpieces and it is maddening to note how many of them were, until comparatively recently, in private collections in this country. Much has already been made of the Holbein Henry VIII portrait which, for want of £45,000, the National Gallery had to let go to the late Baron Thyssen before the war, but which would now certainly fetch £250,000 if it were for sale.

Since the day Henry got away the stable door has been closed, but it is still not locked. Even if it were, the National Gallery, with its annual Purchase Grant of £100,000, mere chicken-feed in today's art markets, is seldom in a position to compete even with our home-grown private collectors when pictures of the Thyssen standard come up for sale.

The Purchase Grant, raised from £12,500 in 1959—50 years too late to be effective—will continue at £100,000 until 1964. It will then be reviewed and perhaps be substantially increased (it may, of course, be cut!) but by then many more Henries will have escaped.



BARRY WARNER

LEAST OR MOST?

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH

WILLIAMSON

LOOKING GOOD IS OFTEN A MATTER OF PLAYING up one facet and playing down another. Which is what Lady Carolyn Townshend did so effectively in the picture above. For her, the most in hair—Raphael of Vidal Sassoon devised the pineapple style—and the least in make-up. She favoured a pale tinge to lip colour and a blanched skin tone to emphasize her underwater-green eyes. Others plan just as successfully the other way about. Suzie Parker, Jackie Kennedy, for example, wear their hair in simple, casual styles but pay minute attention to the face. But whichever side you play for

in the beauty game, there are plenty of garnishes to help you win.

New for minimum make-ups: lips with a schoolgirl's clearness of line achieved by using a brown-vanilla like Max Factor's *Coffee Amber* and their low voltage *Pink Ivory*, or choose a shadow stick for evening like Gala's new *Blonde Pearl* with its slight, silvery shimmer. The skin for minimum make-ups is left very much on its own with only a light moisturizer to hold a pale powder. Minimum makers-up go to Olofson for his new cut-on-a-bias which has a slanting, low-down parting and bulk without

back-brushing; Raymond for his stunning palm leaf cut, a palm frond formation with narrowing tendrils drawing into a sleek neckline.

New for maximum make-ups: lips with emphasis gained by Lenthéric's *Tiger Lily*, Gala's *Paprika* (as peppery as its name) or *Saffron* with its strong hint of yellow. Lids take easily to the bright flattery of the Gala eye shadow baton, available now in a plain version, complete with a strong, spinachy green and six other shades. Maximum make-ups need simple hairdos. Like Evansky's shiny blue angel bob with its deep curving fringe.

DINING IN

Organizing for Easter

Helen Burke

TEN DAYS BEFORE EASTER IS NOT too soon to think about the cooking marathon that lies ahead, especially if you are to have visitors over the holiday. So let me make some suggestions.

For Good Friday, I think that I would concentrate on a fish dish such as BRANDADE DU MORUE (these notes, 15 February) or salt cod with egg sauce the Scottish way—especially when followed by a thirst-quenching crisp green salad.

For Saturday's main meal the dish could be cold roast beef, the top of the sirloin cooked in the morning and not cut until the evening. Until then, not even a fork should penetrate the meat. That is the way to serve cold roast beef. If the original piece is large enough, it will suffice for several servings. And it would be a pity not to have horseradish cream with it.

Salads could be served too, including a potato one; tomatoes stuffed with a macedoine of vegetables, coated with a very thick mayonnaise thinned down with the tomato juice; or rice salad—boiled Patna-type rice, cooked hours in

advance so that it has time to be drained and dried, with chopped parsley and chives mixed into it. Dress with *sauce vinaigrette*.

Another salad from which to choose would consist of young leeks (if you can get them) marinated lightly in oil and vinegar. Or have sliced raw mushrooms, stuffed olives and sweet green peppers with eighths of skinned firm tomatoes, all dressed with mayonnaise diluted with a little cream and a little tomato ketchup. Or mix kernel corn with sliced green sweet peppers and dress with oil and vinegar.

My own choice would be a mixed green salad, including green sweet peppers, which we seem to be getting all year round at prices we can well afford. Not forgetting to start by rubbing the salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic.

For Sunday, I would certainly have a lovely young boiling chicken together with a nice thick piece of not-too-fat pickled belly pork. Well wash the pork then roll it up and tie it firmly. Place it in a pan with just enough warm water to cover it. Add a carrot, an onion, a *bouquet*

garni and seasoning to taste. Bring to the boil, then cover and simmer until done. For a 2-lb. piece, allow 30 minutes a pound and 30 minutes over, letting the water simmer very gently. For a 3-lb. piece, allow 25 minutes a pound and 25 minutes over.

Let the boiling fowl be of good size, but not an ancient bird. Rub it all over with cut lemon, and put a slice inside. Place it and the giblets (except the liver, which should be reserved to be fried with bacon next day) in a pot and cover them with water. Add a sliced onion and carrot, a *bouquet garni*, including a sprig of rosemary if possible, a leek and clove and a little salt and pepper. Bring slowly to the boil, then, for a young boiler, simmer gently for 1½ to 2 hours, or longer for an older bird.

Make your favourite parsley sauce, using the strained chicken stock for the liquid and finishing with 3 to 4 tablespoons of thick cream.

Let the pork and chicken rest a little in some of their stock so that they will be easier to carve into suitable slices. Turn them into a heated dish, pork at one end and chicken at the other, and pour enough sauce over them to cover them. Pass the rest separately.

With this dish, I would serve the best little new potatoes I could find in the greengrocers.

Everyone knows *Sole Veronique*

but CHICKEN VERONIQUE is not so well known. Gently poach a plump young chicken of, say, 4 to 4½ lb. in weight in much the same mixture as above but with the addition of a glass of inexpensive Chablis. About 40 to 50 minutes should be quite enough.

While the chicken is cooking, prepare the grapes. Allow 5 to 6 per serving (and the bird should be enough for 6 to 8 persons). Choose Muscat-flavoured South African Hanepoot grapes. Peel them, remove the seeds with a sharp-pointed knife, and place in refrigerator to chill.

Make the following sauce: simmer 1 oz. flour in 1 oz. butter without colouring it. Remove from the heat and stir in ½ pint of the strained stock.

Simmer for another 10 minutes, adding more stock if the sauce thickens to more than single cream consistency. Season to taste. Finally add an egg yolk, beaten with 3 to 4 tablespoons of double cream.

Skin the chicken and carve it into slices. Arrange them on a heated serving dish and coat them well with the sauce. Slip under a fairly hot grill to colour a little. Garnish with groups of the grapes.

Here again, I would not wait anything better than small new potatoes, turned in a little butter to coat them, and sprinkled with chopped parsley.



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MAN'S WORLD

May Day soothsayers

David Morton

IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO PACK CLOTHES for a holiday that are either unnecessary or downright uncomfortable. But from 1 May onwards a little help will be coming your way from Aquascutum who will not only be offering holiday clothes that would make anyone itch to be away to the sun, but also advising customers on what to wear where, and when. Their sales staff is being briefed now, and these kind people will tell you how cool the evenings are in Corfu or how balmy they are in the Bahamas. They will say at once if you need a dinner jacket for entrée to a particular casino and they'll tell you what to wear in an open car on the Route Nationale 1 in early June. If they don't know the answer they will find it out, and afterwards they will sell you the clothes you will need. Some are imports, some designed specially and made in Britain but all exclusive to Aquascutum.

Obviously they can't forecast temperature averages and nobody at Aquascutum is offering any long-term prophecy on British weather, but one of the best holiday bets is a lightweight suit—plenty of men are wearing them even now in centrally heated flats and offices. The one shown on the right is a two-piece in 8-oz. pure wool worsted; it has three buttons and a centre vent and can be had in beige, light and dark grey or navy for 26 gns. The suit is cut in the London line with narrow, neat and notched lapels, a soft natural shoulder and a long, slender line at the front.

For cruising the Caribbean or carousing anywhere else, they have the white shantung silk dinner jacket shown below, 24 gns. To wear with it there is a black moiré silk pleated cummerbund at 73s. 6d. and a bow tie in the same material for a guinea. The shirt is as cool as the jacket as it's made of Swiss voile; it costs 73s. 6d. The third

picture shows Aquascutum's suggestion for cocktails in, say, Capri. The jacket-shirt is in navy or beige cotton mesh with a poplin inset front and sleeves, 5 gns. The trousers are a cotton and Terylene mixture, 6 gns.; and the silk foulard choker is 22s. 6d.

This, obviously, isn't all—the Holiday Shop is showing over 30 different items. I liked the all-cotton washable trousers without pleats or turnups in an extra fine hairline stripe, grey, light blue or tan for 73s. 6d.; the linen and Terylene jackets with a minimum of lining for 9½ gns.; the striped towelling beach-robies—£5 10s. with a pair of beach slippers thrown in.

Of course, quite a lot can happen before 1 May, when the new service comes into being; until then, with an eye on the weather, it might as well to look at Aquascutum raincoats—the Aqua 5 proofing quite something.





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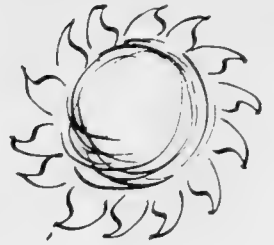
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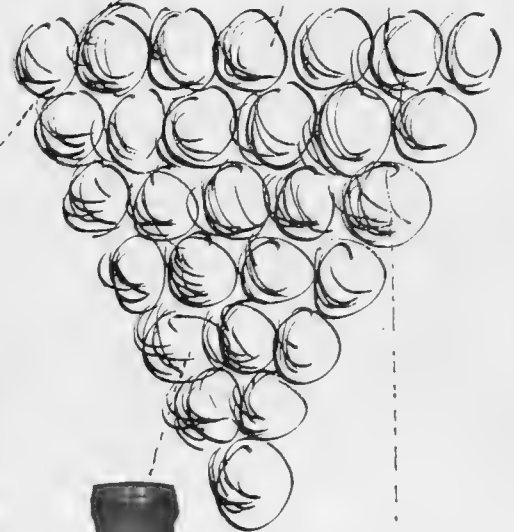
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MOTORING

The German challengers

Gordon Wilkins

MY RECENT STORY ABOUT CARL Borgward and his cars was sent from Germany, where I was doing a quick tour of their booming and fast-expanding motor industry, which last autumn exported nearly 5,000 cars to Great Britain compared with some 2,000 a year before. The big buzz of speculation naturally centred around the new 1½-litre Volkswagen and now the first pictures have been released, though production will certainly not start before the beginning of July. It will be a tough new competitor in the 1½-litre class in which the B.M.C. have been doing so well lately with their Farina-styled cars. Meanwhile the old VW model will continue in production and, with these two, VW should soon be making a million cars a year.

A new car which I was able to drive in Germany was the beautiful new Mercedes 220 SE coupé. Though its mechanical parts are much the same as those of the saloon, it has a new body, still in the Mercedes-Benz tradition, and it has British disc brakes by Girling. It is about three inches lower than the saloon, but the headroom inside is still adequate even in the rear seats. The sharp-edged tail fins have been

eliminated and so have the sharp roof edges. Instead there are rounded edges, and a slight crease line along the side, which catches the light and gives it a clear-cut look without the use of chromium decoration.

The body style is what Americans call a hardtop, so there is an almost unbroken expanse of glass along the side of the car. Instead of a steering-column gear lever the coupé has a sports-type floor lever. There is also an easy-to-read circular speedometer, instead of the vertical ribbon-type which has been criticized on the saloon. An unusual option is the offer of separate bucket seats at the rear as well as in front. And what seats they are! Deep and luxuriously upholstered, with rolls of leather perforated for ventilation in hot weather. The backrests drop right down so that one can take a nap if overcome with drowsiness after a good lunch. There are small pedals which the rear passengers can press to unlock the front seat backrests and tip them forward when they want to get out.

For those moments when the driver is really using the superb road-holding qualities of the Mercedes, the passengers are pro-

Mercedes' new 220 SE coupé

vided with hand grips in the roof, and these also carry small coat-hooks. The ignition lock is combined with a steering lock (a useful anti-theft precaution) and both the wipers and the windscreen washer can be brought into action by a single foot control. A metal sliding-roof is an optional extra.

This is a fast car, capable of over 100 m.p.h., but quiet, with a wonderfully smooth engine. Two developments will particularly interest women drivers. Parking has been made easier by a change in the steering ratio, but this has not involved any noticeable increase in the wheel turning required in normal driving. Secondly, the use of disc brakes, plus a larger servo, has brought a noticeable reduction in the effort required to stop the

car. It more than compensates for the fact that this model weighs rather more than the saloon. Unfortunately the price with tax in England is rather high; £4,133 10s. 10d.

I also attended the opening of the new Daimler-Benz museum—a fine two-storey building adjoining the firm's tall office block, which is one of the landmarks of Stuttgart. The old building, though rather dark and short of space, attracted up to 80,000 visitors a year, and the new one, where the Mercedes-Benz racing and production models are displayed (right back to the pioneer efforts of Carl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler), will certainly become one of the tourist attractions of Stuttgart. There are also many historic aero engines, including some used in early Zeppelins. I had dinner with some of the Daimler-Benz executives in the restaurant which is poised 440 feet up the Stuttgart television tower, like a pail impaled on a pole. This is a fine example of the way in which boldness and imagination pay dividends. Needing a television mast, Stuttgart put in hand this audacious creation, a slender spike in reinforced concrete, with a restaurant on top capable of seating 160 people and an observation tower to carry many more. It cost about £440,000, but in five years it has more than paid for itself and is now showing a handsome profit.

I spent another day down at the new Auto-Union plant at Ingolstadt, where they are producing those small little DKW Juniors. With their three-cylinder 741 c.c. two-stroke engines giving the same power impulses as a normal six, these are smooth, quiet and lively. Front-wheel drive gives them good road-holding and the styling is modern, with four good seats and a roomy luggage trunk. The price in this country is raised by duty and purchase tax to £800, and the revaluation of the German mark will not help. But the cars do attract people who are looking for a lively well-finished small car which is something out of the ordinary.

Auto-Union's DKW Junior

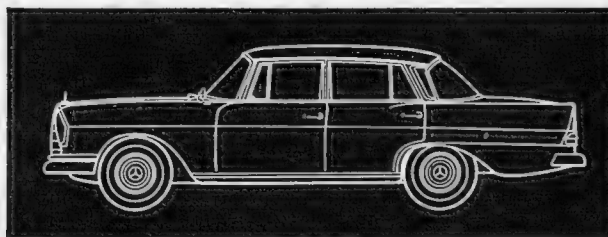




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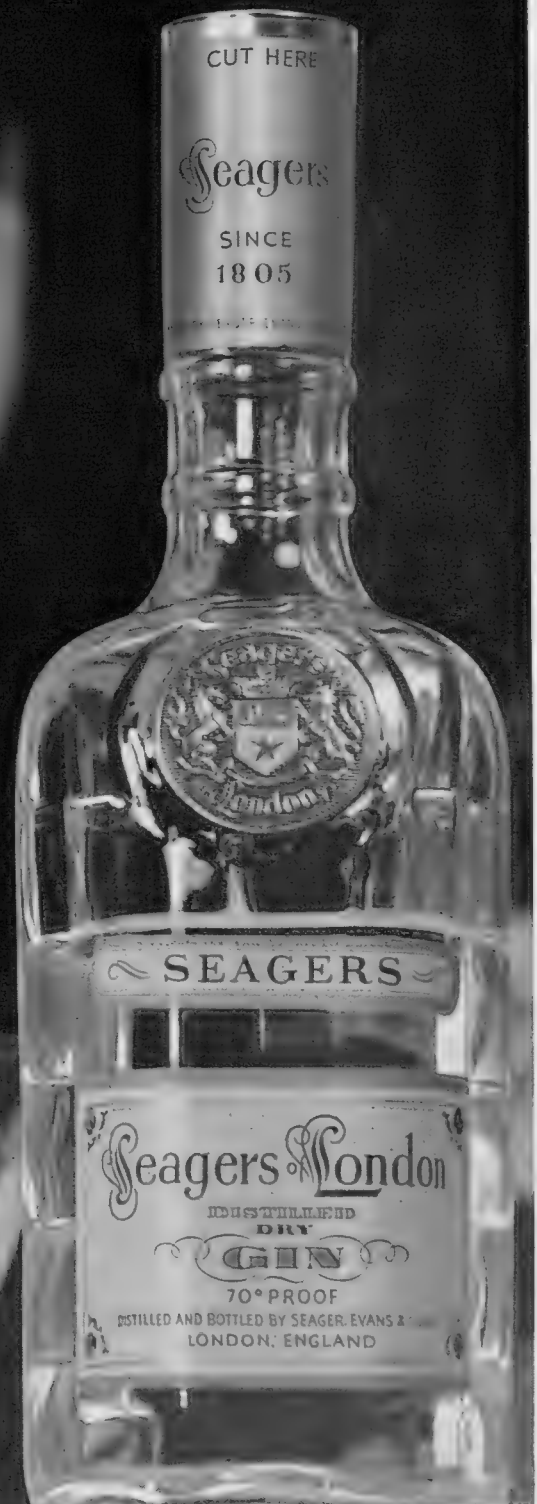
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Griffith—Worldidge: Pauline, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. C. Griffith, of Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, was married to Lieut. Robert Worldidge, R.N., youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Worldidge, of Old Pastures, Middleton, Sussex, at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



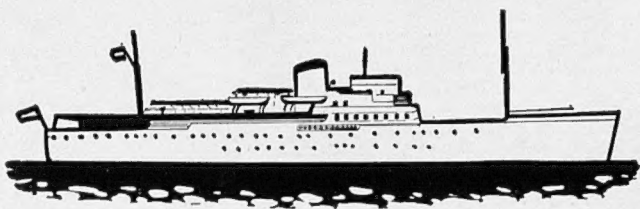
Ker—Hardie: Rosalind Allan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Allan Ker, of Kirklee Road, Glasgow, W.2, was married to Donald David Graeme, son of Mr. & Mrs. Graeme Hardie, of Cuilfal, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow

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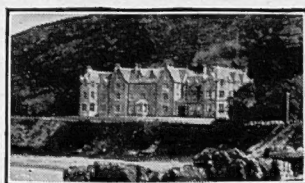
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